

YALE - PRINCETON FOOTBALL GAME

THE NATIONAL  
**POLICE GAZETTE**  
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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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TRIED TO DRUG HER FRIEND.

IN MALE ATTIRE MRS. MELTON ATTEMPTS TO CHLOROFORM HER FRIEND IN ST. LOUIS, MO.



RICHARD K. FOX, . . . Editor and Proprietor.

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THE Hyde Park wife who was lonely when her husband was away, and who sought consolation in the society of an indiscreet swell, is probably sorry now. She perhaps knew nothing of the law which punishes adultery.

"DAN A. STUART is going to New York in a few days to unfold a scheme for pulling off the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight," says a Texas exchange. Stuart will do well to post himself on recent occurrences while his scheme is emerging from its crystallizing stage.

THE suggestion that the committee of the New York Yacht Club charged with the investigation of the Dunraven matter should extend an invitation to three members of the Royal Yacht Squadron to join them in their search after truth seems a very good one. Such an international committee could doubtless settle everything to the satisfaction of the yachting publics of both America and England.

IT WILL be a long while before Farmer Benny Koch, of Hardwick, N. J., marries again. He made the usual mistake of marrying a young woman concerning whose antecedents he knew nothing, and the fact that his bride had a twenty months' old baby didn't seem to strike this unsuspecting old granger as being unusual. The result was as might have been expected. When Farmer Benny awoke the other morning he found the baby and a flippant note left to remind him of his bride and the ready money she had taken.

THERE are a few widows left who know how to take care of themselves in more ways than one, and Mrs. Mamie Graham, of St. Louis, Mo., is a shining example. When a few days ago an ungentle thief stole her watch, she didn't sit down and weep over it, nor did she think of any scheme to work some susceptible citizen for another. Without waiting to curl her hair she flew out after the man. She grabbed him by the neck and pummeled him in an extremely Maheresque style. Under the circumstances the crook felt justified in returning the borrowed article, which he did.

## MASKS AND FACES.

How Carrie Sothorn Shocked an Audience at Bayonne, N. J.

### SHE WAS A CHANGE ARTIST.

Miss Jansen's Bit of Realism That Almost Saved a Bad Play.

### MADE A HIT WITH BALD-HEADS.

Miss Carrie Sothorn, of the farce-comedy forces of Hoyt & McKee, has succeeded in shocking an audience into dumbness. Of course it wasn't a metropolitan audience, which can stand almost anything—even nudity—on the stage, but a plain, unpretentious gathering of the folks of Bayonne, N. J. The causes which led up to this double-distilled shock were most natural, to wit: Having enlarged their house on the New York Bay shore, the members of the Bayonne Rowing Association concluded to fittingly celebrate the event with an entertainment in the club house theatre. The committee had put the management in the hands of E. W. Dare, who several months ago conducted a successful stag racket for the club. Dare was to provide a first-class vaudeville entertainment. Several hundred ladies and gentlemen gathered in the club house at the hour designated. Just before the curtain was raised a substitute programme was distributed in the hall. A comedy sketch, entitled "Lunacy," was the curtain-raiser.

This, it is said, was received with groans. A child song and dance performance followed, and atoned in a measure for "Lunacy."

Finally Miss Carrie Sothorn, who was billed as "The New Woman," and who had been "secured by the kind permission of Messrs. Hoyt and McKee," made her appearance in a costume of the last century. Miss Sothorn did not sing, nor did she dance. She at first posed and made remarks in the line of humor. Then she pulled a string and her colonial costume disappeared, disclosing attire of modern design. After more of her sayings she pulled a string again, and she was arrayed in a bloomer costume. When she once more pulled the

string she was disclosed in fleshings, draped in rather scanty and transparent gaze.

Ladies in the audience were made very uneasy by the changes in Miss Sothorn's draperies. Some of them, it is said, held their hands before their faces. Several arose and left the place. This evidence of disapproval did not abash Miss Sothorn. Once again she assayed to pull the string, but, to the very great relief of the ladies, it broke and she was called from the stage. When the entertainment ended, the Entertainment Committee sought Manager Dare, it is said, and talked to him in very emphatic language. They also refused to give him more than \$45, saying he could take that amount or nothing, although he was to have received \$75.

The burning question in Bayonne circles at the present time is: "What would have happened if that last string had not broken?" Furthermore, it is said, that half a dozen of the more liberal-minded men of the Club have suggested that Miss Sothorn be re-engaged to give another performance, and that the stage manager provide himself with a string which will stand any strain.

It isn't often that Marie Jansen makes any serious breaks, but an incident occurred in New York city at the Garrick Theatre recently, which only goes to show what a woman of the footlights can unwittingly do. The play was "The Merry Countess," and while it

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wasn't a particularly bowing success, yet the incident in which Miss Jansen figured gave it a temporary boom, so to speak. The important role of the piece is that of the Countess, who was formerly a ballet dancer, unknown to her husband. Miss Jansen played the part. In the third act she changes her elaborate and very becoming street dress for short skirts behind a screen on the stage. It so happened that there was a dressing case with a small mirror on it at one end of the screen. In it the audience saw a reflection of Miss Jansen's change of costume. Her maid assisted her.

The sight was interesting, and many of those who had started to leave came back to their seats when they caught on to what was up.

Since then it has been noticed that the men about town have taken to dropping into the theatre about the time when Miss Jansen makes her change "just to see how the show is going."

The Countess might have run along indefinitely had not Miss Jansen, after playing seven nights and a matinee, had the temerity to ask for her salary. She didn't get it, and the result was she stopped work and so did the rest of the company.

After denying herself many of the luxuries of life in order to get down to 150 pounds, working weight, it must be particularly gratifying to Fay Tempton to know that she has made a decided hit in Ed. Rice's "1492." She has taken Theresa Vaughn's place, and those who were under the impression that the once sprightly Fay had lost her grip have been compelled to acknowledge the error of their minds and applaud her very bright specialty.

Jones, the India rubber man, has grown tired of his bearded wife, so she, revolting against what she terms his cruelty and indifference, has procured a divorce. Her maiden name was Annie Elliott, and as "Annie Elliott, the lady with a beard as silky and soft as an Astrachan kid's wool, and with a color rivalled only by the tints of 'Titian,'" she posed before admiring throngs in one of the annex tents of P. T. Barnum's great and only show. Boneless Jones, who could not raise any hair on his face, saw and loved her, and

Mrs. Godfrey. When she came home a few nights before she killed herself she acted as if she had been drinking heavily. The morning she was found dead, after repeated knockings, Mrs. Godfrey forced open Miss Bonner's bedroom door. The case was reported to the police.

Margaret Bonner's real name was Catharine Goodwin. She was a sister of Myra Goodwin, the soubrette, who died a few years ago. Several empty morphine bottles were found in her room.

Manager J. M. Hill, of the Standard Theatre, knew the dead actress. At one time she played minor roles in the Margaret Mather company. Her last appearance was in the open-air performance of "As You Like It," in the court of the Grand Union Hotel, Saratoga.

☆ ☆

There is a new sign in the dressing-rooms of the Casino, New York city, which reads:

"Ladies and Gentlemen will beware of strange cats."

Miss Dorothy Morton, the prima donna of "The Wizard of the Nile" Company, knows what the sign means from experience. One evening recently, when she went to her dressing-room, she found a strange cat snuggled away in the corner. It wasn't a companionable theatrical cat who could purr "Sweet Violets" and other popular melodies, but a gruff tramp animal, with a square jaw. Miss Morton likes cats, so she went over to stroke the stray pussy who, resenting any familiarity on her part, bit her severely on the hand. The cat escaped and Miss Morton went home.

☆ ☆

From New South Wales comes the story of the suicide and murder of Arthur Dacre and his wife, Amy Roselle. The man shot his wife and then killed himself. Both were well known to the theatrical profession of America.

There was a time in England when Amy Roselle was a name to conquer with; she was an actress of power and distinction. But when New York saw her in 1891 she had grown too stout and matronly for the roles which otherwise she could so well interpret.

As for her husband, whose real name was Culver James, the worst that could be said of him was that he was a bad actor. He was a fine, strapping figure of a man, graceful, handsome and dashing.

His first appearance in America was as a very young man in 1878. He came again in 1891 to support Mrs. Leslie Carter in "The Ugly Duckling" at the Broadway Theatre, New York City. He was not a success, and after the first week he was dismissed. He sued Mrs. Carter for a season's salary, but without result.

His wife, Miss Roselle, had accompanied him to this country, and the two spent the rest of the season in a vain search for engagements. Late in the spring, at the Garden Theatre, New York, they produced a play called "Love and War." It failed. Friends gave a benefit performance for the Dacres, and they returned to England.

Miss Roselle succeeded in obtaining

a short London engagement, and then, with a small company of their own, they started on a tour of the English provinces. Their success was meager, and last year, despairing of ever finding success in England again, they started for Australia.

Before leaving England Miss Roselle said to one of the friends who went down to the steamer to bid them good-bye:

"We have almost lost hope. Australia is our last card. These are hard days for a legitimate actress. The London public wants its 'Gaiety Girls' and its 'Shop Girls' now. Don't be surprised if you hear of me playing an old woman's part in a musical comedy one of these days."

On their arrival in Australia the Dacres produced "A Scrap of Paper," "Caste," "The Ironmaster" and other plays. They played to empty benches. The London Gaiety company, which was here last year with "The Gaiety Girl," had just made a hit in Melbourne in "Gentleman Joe."

Dacre obtained the rights to produce the musical comedy in New South Wales. A play more utterly unsuited to the personalities of the Dacres could not be imagined. It proved the direst failure of them all.

A sister of Arthur Dacre, Helena, was a famous beauty in the Rosina Vokes' company for several seasons.

☆ ☆

Ethel Fyffe, who for some years has been a Boston photographer's model, on account of her perfect and beautiful form, is evidently under the impression that there is a niche on the stage for her, for she has run away.

Mrs. Martha Fyffe, the young woman's mother, says Ethel has become stage-struck, and that she did not know but that she had gone off with a theatrical company. Some time ago Ethel left her home in a similar way and went to New York. Mrs. Fyffe learned of her whereabouts and Ethel was brought back. She went away with a woman at that time.

Ethel is seventeen years old, and is said to have a pink and white complexion. When she discovers that she will need talent, as well as complexion, she will probably go home.

### Too Often the Case!

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Her Costume Shocked Bayonne Folks.

through his glistening frame there went a thrill such as he had never felt before. He was conquered. So it was he proposed to her and they were duly married. It wasn't long before the luxuriant whiskers which had won his love began to lose their charm. Her kisses tickled him and he complained of the beard that was ready money to his spouse. He transferred his India rubber affection to ladies whose cheeks and chins were smooth and soft, and he took Mrs. Jones ruthlessly by the whiskers and beat her. Mrs. Jones had a spirit, and it moved her to go to Judge Wool's court at St. Louis, Mo., and sue for a divorce. She was dressed as daintily as any maiden of the Nineteenth century, and a heavy veil over her face concealed her money maker. She told her story and at its conclusion the learned Judge gave her the necessary decree.

☆ ☆

Marie Dressler has come back to New York again. Her short experience in Chicago was not one of unalloyed pleasure, and it will require strong inducements to tempt her to trust to any more Summer snaps.

She will be the Isabella in "1492" for a short period, and will then have a part in "Excelsior, Jr." when that burlesque is seen at Hammerstein's Olympia.

In the burlesque Miss Dressler will give an imitation of Yvette Guilbert, the accuracy of which can be promptly judged, for Miss Guilbert will be singing in the same building.

☆ ☆

Bessie Clayton, once a dancer of fame in the legitimate ranks, who made her hit in "A Trip to Chinatown," has turned her face to vaudeville, and she will make her debut into the new field on the stage of Koster & Bial's Theatre, New York city.

☆ ☆

Another young actress has retired from the world's stage. Margaret Bonner was found dead in her room in her boarding-house, No. 253 West Thirty-seventh street, New York city. It is supposed that she committed suicide by taking morphine. She had been living at the address mentioned for some time with a

## PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

## Odd Matrimonial Experience of a Hardwick, N. J., Farmer.

## HAS A BABY ON HIS HANDS.

## The Address of Lim Sing, a Laundryman, of Camden, N. J., is the Jail.

## HE WAS TOO GAY FOR AMERICA.

The matrimonial experience of Farmer Benny Koch, of Hardwick Township, Warren county, N. J., will no doubt last him as long as he lives. In any event, it will last him as long as the baby is around. He is a real reader, is Farmer Benny, and it is because of that that his trouble came to him, like a thief in the night, with a Jimmy and a dark lantern. Farmer Benny is very well off so far as the world's goods are concerned, and the other night, as he sat reading his Philadelphia paper, he read the advertisement of a young and trusting woman "who would make a well-to-do farmer's life happy as his better half."

He wrote her a business-like epistle, and in a few days he received an answer. He went next day to Philadelphia, and it is presumed that there was a wedding there, for a few days later Benny came home with his newfound love, a very pretty, dashing woman. There was a house-warming and a big time generally, and Benny was the happiest man in the township.

The neighbors soon got to talking about "Uncle Benny" and his bride, for to the surprise of every one she brought a baby with her that to all appearances was about twenty months old. Four weeks later they talked a good deal more, for one morning the news spread that "Uncle Benny's" bride had disappeared and robbed the family of some \$200 or \$300. The disappearance was very mysterious, the more so as the bride had left her baby behind with this note pinned to its nightdress:

MY DEAR—Take good care of baby, and never fall in love with an unseen love again. JENNIE.

The farmer made every effort to trace the whereabouts of Jennie, but up to date had failed to find her.

Even if he got her back he wouldn't dare to go to sleep for fear she would leave him again.

Miss Sing, Chinese laundryman, who is in jail now in Camden, N. J., on a charge of having attempted to commit an assault on Mrs. Theodore Wright, of Front and Birch streets, Camden, ever gets out of confinement he will probably in the future give American women a very wide berth.

Mrs. Wright, who is a rather pretty young woman, went to Lim Sing's laundry unaccompanied to get some shirts belonging to her husband. The laundryman didn't have the package ready when she first called, and she went back again later. She handed him the check and a one dollar note to pay for the laundry. He took some time in counting out the change, and when he handed it to her, she says, he grabbed her by the arm with one hand and dragged her across the counter while he caught her skirt with his other hand. Mrs. Wright was thoroughly frightened and cried for help, at the same time fighting fiercely for her liberty.

The Chinaman finally released her and she ran home, where she went into hysterics, and it was some time before she could tell her husband what had happened. When he learned of the attack he rushed out of the house determined to take the law into his own hands in dealing with the assailant, but he met Policeman Curtis before he reached Sing's laundry, and upon his advice went before Squire Schmitz and swore out a warrant for Sing's arrest. When Policeman Curtis entered the laundry Sing, who is over six feet high and very powerful, offered resistance, but was quickly subdued at the point of a revolver.

Smith's wife and his partner are coming back to his home at Findlay, Ohio, and the question is will Smith forgive them or not? Incidentally it might be mentioned that they are returning in company with two officers of the law, who caught them on the run at Dayton, Ohio.

Reuben Smith's partner was Grant McGregor, and they were at one time engrossed in the grocery business on the north side, but some weeks ago dissolved partnership. McGregor had boarded with his partner for several years, but Smith never suspected that any undue intimacy existed between them until he returned home from religious services a few days ago and found the house deserted. He at once instituted a search and found that his wife and ex-partner had purchased tickets for Dayton. He telegraphed the officials and in the evening received word that the eloping couple had been arrested and would be returned home.

Abraham Eastos, of Danville, Ind., is a wonder. He is seventy years old, a widower and is wealthy, so coming to the conclusion that he wanted a wife he went to Crawfordsville, Ind., and broke all records in the wife hunting line. The first move he made was to employ a man by the name of John Hudson to stand on a street corner with him and put down the names of all marriageable women who struck his fancy. He soon had fifty names on the list, graded according to Hudson's recommendation.

The next day he started out to call on the eligible list and propose marriage. So far he has not met with success, though he is confident he will get someone before he leaves. He proposed to thirty women and girls in two days.

At one place he made a favorable impression, but the young woman asked for time to consider. She has found out that she was not his first choice, and when he

came back for an answer he had the door slammed in his face. He employed an attorney to help him with a wealthy widow, but she heard of his many proposals and ordered him out of her house and threatened to shoot him if he returned.

The day following he went into a millinery store, and, calling the saleswoman to one side, he told her his story and proposed marriage. He was interviewed in the evening, and said he was having a pleasant time hunting for a wife, and that he did not propose to leave until he succeeded.

Almost an equal to Holmes is believed to have been found here in the person of John H. Bennett, of Rockford, Ill., who has been sent to Joliet for stealing a watch at the Huffman House. Bennett pleaded guilty. He is 60 years of age and apparently in the last stages of consumption. Since he went to Joliet his wife, Mrs. S. J. Snyder, of Boyd, Ill., has been heard from. In a letter to the Chief of Police she says Bennett, when a young man, murdered his wife in England and escaped to this country. He went to the copper regions of Michigan and from there to Galena, Ill.

There he married a woman who possessed some property. She was shot at through the windows of her home several times and accused Bennett of trying to kill her. He is alleged to have caused the death of his own two babies. The wife, who dared not tell of his infamy for fear of being killed, obtained a divorce and went to Helena, Mont., where she died a few months ago.

Bennett then married Mrs. Emma Stevenson, of Galena. He had been married to her four months when he made an attempt on her life. She escaped from the house one night and caused his arrest for burglary, stolen goods being found in the cellar. He was sent to Joliet for three years on the charge, serving his term.

On his release Bennett went to Lockport, Ill., where he married Mrs. Sarah Price, a woman of considerable means. Soon after the wedding the son of his bride escorted Bennett out of the city with a shotgun. He was not heard from again until identified with a gang of sandbaggers which made the alleys about Chicago's docks their haunt.

He was suspected of being implicated in the death of Miss Amelia Olson, of Chicago, it is said, but nothing conclusive could be fastened on him. He went to Rock Island, Ill., where he served a long jail sentence in 1888. On his release he went across the river to Davenport, Ia., where he was caught in highway robbery and sent to the Anamosa Penitentiary for six months.

In Union county, Ill., after his release, he married another rich widow, now known as Mrs. Snyder. The latter says Bennett talked in his sleep and disclosed a plan for murdering her, and on being aware that his secret was found out he tried to kill her with a knife.

He was sent to Chester for seven years for this, and had been out but a few months when captured in Rockford.

## IT WAS ONLY A MOUSE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There was a rehearsal of "The Bloomer Specialty Company" in a theatre in Bridgeport a few days ago, and everything went along without a hitch until a mouse ran across the stage. In full pursuit of the tiny rodent was an enthusiastic Tom cat. The sight of the mouse was enough, and the girls who were brave enough to wear bloomers on the street and full tights on the stage performed some feats of ground and lofty tumbling that would have done credit to a seasoned acrobat. Incidentally, it might be mentioned that the cat caught the terrible mouse and killed it.

## THEY CLIMBED TO LIBERTY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Three incorrigible girls who were inmates of the Episcopal House of Mercy at Inwood, N. Y., made a break for freedom a few days ago. They climbed the back fence and took to the adjacent woods. The police were notified but the trio had gotten safely away.

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## HYPNOTIZED BY A WOMAN.

## Mrs. Burnham, Dighton, Mass., a Victim of Unnatural Affection.

## WAS LURED AWAY FROM HOME

## Both Had Been Living Together in Nashua, N. H., for Almost a Year.

## MISS SHERMAN WAS A SVENGALI.

The finding of two women who were living quietly together at Nashua, N. H., has capped the climax to a sensation which a year ago disturbed the good people of Dighton, Mass., and adds another case to the calendar of woman's morbid and unnatural love for one of

ing to do her housework, and that, although he was fast getting rich, he gave her nothing whatever.

She said Miss Sherman had been a close friend of hers for six years, they much of the time occupying the same house. The husband grew jealous of Miss Sherman's influence over her, Mrs. Burnham said, and ordered her to leave his house, and forbade his wife from associating with her again.

Miss Sherman and her strong will induced Mrs. Burnham, so she says, to flee with her, and during the entire year, she says, she had been under her power and like a woman in a trance. She says she was hypnotized, but that her female Svengali was very different from Du Maurier's villain.

## WASHBURN SISTERS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Perhaps one of the strongest drawing cards of the east and west sides of New York city is the latest extravaganza, "Prince Fortuna." The play itself isn't so much the attraction as the twin stars, for whom it was written, Blanche and Lillian Washburn. Both are extremely clever and versatile young women, who add to talent good looks and remarkably fine physical proportions. Their specialties are beyond criticism, and their supporting company is a most carefully selected one.

## SOME FAMOUS COCKS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The season of cock-fighting is upon us and from all over the country comes news of what the breeders and handlers of game birds are doing to make the winter eventful. A number of very important matches have been made and on Thanksgiving day the admirers of the feathered boxers will gather around the "pits" in various parts of the country to see the mains decided.

In the accompanying illustration are some birds that have become famous victors in pit battles. Conspicuous among those is Little Robinson, owned by Dick Carrberry, a Denver, Col., sport. Robinson was one of the contestants in the inter-state main at Houston, Tex., a year ago and won five times, killing his opponent in the most decided manner.

Another famous bird is the one owned by Isaac Nattie of Bellevue, Schenectady county, N. Y., a place famous for its cocks and cock-fighters. This cock belongs to the Henney breed, is black, two years old, weighs 5 pounds, 12 ounces, has fought fifteen battles, killing his opponent each time and coming out himself clear from any injury. Some of the best birds in Albany, Saratoga, Rensselaer and Schenectady counties have faced him and met their Waterloo. He is open for engagements.

In the same group may be found pictures of two of Louisville's, Ky.'s, chicken men. No. 1 is the well-known Jim Jordan, the greatest pitter of game chickens in the country. No. 2 is the famous Frank J. Schork, a backer of Jordan's, who is willing to place any amount from \$100 to \$5,000 on Jordan's chickens. The game cock is the terror known as "Snake Eye." He has won twenty-seven battles. Snake Eye won three fights in one day at Indianapolis last Spring.

## PATSY MULLIGAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of the most popular sporting men in the Northwest is Patsy Mulligan, a resident of Tacoma, Washington. As a manager of sporting events he has won a reputation for absolute squareness in Seattle, Spokane, Butte, San Francisco and in fact throughout the West. When Patsy's name appears in the announcement of a contest it is a guarantee to sporting men that a good fight and a square one will be seen. Not alone among patrons of the manly art does Patsy stand well but also among professional people everywhere. At present he is managing Jim Ryan, the Australian middleweight. Mulligan's greatest hit was made in Tacoma last year when manager of the Puget Sound Athletic Club he pulled off a series of first-class fights that satisfied all and were characterized by no police interference.

## M. ASCHNER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Away out on the Pacific Slope they have some good pool players, among whom M. Aschner enjoys the distinction of being champion. He won the title recently from James F. Morley, in a match game which took place in Music Hall, Los Angeles, Cal.

Frank Clausen was chosen referee, and umpires were selected, Billy Northrop for Morley and D. Winnie Kilmer for Aschner.

The following figures of the score made as the table was cleared each time will show the game as it fluctuated. Losses by foul are deducted as they occurred. At the end of the first clear Aschner had 8, Morley 4; second, Aschner, 19, Morley 18; third, Aschner 23, Morley 19; fourth, Aschner 22, Morley 34; fifth, Aschner 27, Morley 44; sixth, Aschner 38, Morley 48; seventh, Aschner 55, Morley 48; eighth, Aschner, 64, Morley 51; ninth, Aschner 71, Morley 59; tenth, Aschner 80, Morley 63; eleventh, Aschner 90, Morley 68; twelfth, Aschner 98, Morley 75; thirteenth, Aschner 112, Morley 76. At this juncture a recess of 15 minutes was taken.

The game was promptly resumed. The fourteenth time the table was cleared, Aschner had 123, Morley 78; fifteenth, Aschner 127, Morley 80; sixteenth, Aschner 137, Morley 88; seventeenth, Aschner 148, Morley 95; nineteenth, Aschner 165, Morley 103; twentieth, Aschner 174, Morley 104; twenty-first, Aschner 183, Morley 110; twenty-second, Aschner 183, Morley 126; twenty-third, Aschner 190, Morley 131; twenty-fourth, Aschner 191, Morley 143; twenty-fifth, Aschner 195, Morley 154. In the twenty-sixth set Aschner made his 5 balls and was declared champion amid wild cheers. The game ended at 11:45 P. M.

## Lights and Shadows

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WASHBURN SISTERS.

CLEVER, HANDSOME YOUNG WOMEN WHO ARE NOW JOINT STARS IN "PRINCE FORTUNA."



THEY CLIMBED TO LIBERTY.

HOW THREE WAYWARD GIRLS MADE THEIR ESCAPE FROM THE HOUSE OF MERCY AT INWOOD, N. Y.



BOLD WOMEN FOOTPADS.

ARMED WITH STONES THEY ATTEMPT TO HOLD UP JAMES RALSTON, A CITIZEN OF MARION, IND.

## KNEW HOW TO USE HER FISTS

Mrs. Mamie Graham Handles a Thief Without Gloves.

## HE HAD TAKEN HER WATCH.

A Contest Which Reflected Credit on a Young and Handsome Widow.

## MADE THE FELLOW RUN AWAY.

The friends and neighbors of Mrs. Mamie Graham, who lives at 7,340 South Sixth street, St. Louis, Mo., never had any idea that she made any pretensions to pugilistic science. She was always looked upon as a nice, quiet, inoffensive, little woman, who would run from any rude or aggressive man. But they have changed their opinion now and she gave those persons who were in the vicinity of Michigan and Robert avenues, recently, an exhibition that was extremely spirited and clever.

In artistic style she compelled a man who had robbed her of a gold watch to disgorge, and then proceeded to punish him in a manner that any pugilist can copy after. Had not the thief sought safety in flight he would have met the fate which befell O'Donnell a short time ago at the hands of Peter Maher.

It was ten o'clock in the morning when the thief appeared at the home of Mrs. Graham, who is a handsome young widow, and has to earn her own living by keeping boarders. With a smooth tongue, a handsome face and an easy carriage, he began to try to ingratiate himself into the confidence of the woman. In a few but effective words he explained he was a hardworking, honest man, and that he was searching for a home with some charming woman who would do all she could to make his existence as happy and pleasant as possible. In return he would pay her well. As his pay day was at the end of each week, he could not pay her until then.

Arrangements perfectly satisfactory to both were soon made. He gave the name of August Neff, but did not tell where he was employed. At noon Mrs. Graham and her new boarder were on the best of terms. While in the dining room Neff asked her to give him a morning paper. It was in the next room and she went to get it. On her return, Neff, hat in hand, said he was going to the corner to mail a letter. This sudden movement looked suspicious, and after he left the house Mrs. Graham began looking over her valuables to see if they were all there. A gold watch was missing.

In a moment Mrs. Graham was after the thief. He was a block off and walking as fast as he could. Mrs. Graham lifted up her skirts far enough to give her feet a chance, and a lively exhibition of sprinting, which record-breakers would find it hard to beat, followed.

Mrs. Graham overtook Neff just as he was about to board an electric car. One grab at his collar yanked him back, and made him think that he had been struck by a cyclone.

"You thief, you, give me back that watch you stole from me at once or you will rue the day you were born," said she, and with this began rolling up her sleeves and otherwise preparing to carry out her threat. For a moment Neff hesitated, but a stiff punch in the neighborhood of his left jugular vein was a notice to hurry up.

"Take your watch," said he, and he threw it at the woman. She caught it on the fly, put it safely away in her pocket and proceeded to give Neff the punishment he deserved. In five seconds, after Mrs. Graham had landed on different parts of his anatomy several times, he discovered he had met more than his match, and turning on his heels ran down the street at railroad speed.

For a short distance Mrs. Graham followed, but seeing Neff could run faster than she, she desisted. To the first policeman that came along she told the story of the attempted robbery, and furnished a good description of Neff. He is now being sought for by Chief Desmond's sleuths. The name the thief gave is undoubtedly a fictitious one.

## BOLD WOMEN FOOTPADS.

## [SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The two female hold-ups who have made themselves conspicuous in Marion, Ind., of late, are evidently representatives of the new woman. While John Foles, an employee at the Marion Opalescent Glass Works, was returning home from work he was stopped by them near the L. O. O. F. cemetery. They demanded his money and valuables, but he broke away. The women had no weapons, only a couple of rocks, with which they started after him, but he made his escape.

A short time afterward they held up Jas. Ralston, who came driving along at an easy gait. Seeing the two women walking toward him he never entertained a suspicion until they had a hold of the horse and commanded him to give up his valuables. Instead he whipped up the horse, but the women held on to him. One of them threw a stone, which cut an ugly gash in his forehead. After several attempts to make Ralston get out of the buggy they let the horse go.

If the women had been equipped with revolvers their game would have been easy. Ralston reported the matter, and several parties started out on a hunt for

the highwaywomen, but no traces of them could be found. The locality where the attempts were made is a very quiet one and well adapted to the crime.

## A CAFE ROMANCE.

Story of a Famous Waitress Who Has Inherited a Fortune.

Inmates of the coffee houses in the vicinity of Houston street and Second avenue, New York, are at present deeply interested in discussing the good fortune which had befallen Freida Kaufman. She is the beautiful woman who was a waitress in the Cafe Spitz, at No. 70 Second avenue, in 1893, and later proprietress of the Cafe Belvidere, at No. 171 East Houston street.

Four years ago Jules Kaufman, the son of a wealthy banker in Stuttgart, Germany, went to Berlin to engage in business. His father gave him plenty of money, and, as Berlin is a gay city, he found no difficulty in disposing of all the money he received. He met Freida Justicina, a tall, queenly beauty, with abundant blond hair.

He bought her jewels, fitted up a villa, and gave her servants and all that money could buy. To maintain her he drew heavily on his father and even set numerous notes in circulation.

Finally the father, growing suspicious, visited Berlin and surprised his son and Freida. Jules asked him to consent to a wedding with Freida, but he angrily refused. Then after a few days Jules asked for money to come to America, promising to reform. Thinking that the young man was coming alone, the father furnished a large sum of money. Two weeks later Jules and Freida landed in New York and took apartments at No. 70 Second avenue.

Young Kaufman did not look for work, and soon found himself short of funds. His mother surreptitiously sent him small amounts, but as these were not enough to support him, Freida's jewels, of which she had many, found their way into the pawnshops along the Bowery. When the money thus obtained was gone Freida suggested that they get married, and so they went to the City Hall and came away man and wife.

Then Freida secured a position as waitress at the Cafe Spitz. This proved the turning point of their fortunes, for the girl's beauty soon attracted attention, not only among the

He Was Punched Most Scientifically.

regular patrons, but also among men from uptown, who had never known of the existence of the cafe until they learned of the beautiful waitress.

Freida's earnings increased, and eventually she purchased the Cafe Belvidere, at No. 171 East Houston street. Jules at the time was madly jealous of the attention men paid to his attractive wife, and Freida's life was none too happy.

All this time the father in Stuttgart was keeping a watch upon the movements of his son. His resentment was somewhat lessened when he learned of his son's marriage, and it entirely disappeared when the Belvidere was purchased and the couple flourished. His respect for Freida increased when he saw that she was a devoted wife and a good business woman. So he sent a letter to the couple and asked them to return to Germany to receive his blessing. The Kaufmans lost no time in selling out and taking ship for home.

Then the father set Jules up in business as a cigar manufacturer at Stuttgart. He bought him an interest in an established house having branches in Germany.

Several months ago the father died, leaving all his property to Jules. The fortune consisted of real estate and 2,000,000 marks, the equivalent of nearly half a million dollars of our money. Jules has invested his wealth and is at the head of a large and prosperous banking house in Hamburg, with correspondents in every large city in the world.

Freida has a sister in New York, who is married. Her husband's name is said to be Koester.

## Something Unique in Realism.

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## PLUNGED TO THEIR DEATH.

Fifteen Killed in a Cleveland, Ohio, Trolley Car Accident.

## AN AWFUL FALL TO THE RIVER

The Draw of the Central Viaduct Was Open and the Car Fell 120 Feet.

## CONDUCTOR HOFFMAN WAS KILLED.

## [SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A frightful accident by which fifteen people lost their lives occurred in the heart of the city of Cleveland, O. recently. Owing to the criminal and still unexplainable carelessness of a street car conductor a car of the Big Consolidated line, having on board about eighteen passengers, took an awful plunge of 120 feet from the Central street draw of the Central viaduct into the dark waters of the Cuyahoga river.

The accident occurred at 7:35 o'clock in the evening.



The Central viaduct is a long stone and iron structure which crosses the Valley Railroad and the Cuyahoga river and connects Jennings avenue on the south side with Central avenue on the east.

The draw was open for a tug drawing a schooner which was about to pass. As usual the gates were closed on both sides of the draw and danger lights were displayed to guard against accidents. An electric car was seen coming along from the east toward the south side, but Capt. Charles Brennan, who has charge of the bridge, had no thought of danger, as the usual precautions had been observed. The car was one of the Cedar and Jennings avenue branch of the Big Consolidated line, and had fifteen passengers, a conductor and a motorman aboard.

At what is known as the "derailing switch," some 200 feet from the draw, the conductor mechanically alighted, as is the wont of all conductors at this point, to see if all was right. The car came to a standstill and the motorman waited for orders.

The conductor, for some unaccountable reason, failed to see the red signal of danger or the closed gates, and he signalled the motorman, John Rogers, to come ahead. The motorman turned on the electric current, the conductor jumped aboard the car, and at considerable speed the vehicle neared the death trap. Why the motorman did not see the danger lights or the closed gates sooner than he did will always remain a mystery, but the fact remains that he did not.

Nearer and nearer came the car to the awful abyss. A few feet from the draw it dawned upon the motorman that it was open. With a speed born of desperation he threw the handle and applied the brakes. The bridge captain, seeing the approaching car, shouted like a madman, but it availed nothing. The car was already on the down grade to the draw and the brakes would not hold the car on the slippery rails. The motorman, realizing his danger, forsook his car, and with a wild cry leaped off the front platform, ran down the viaduct in the direction of Central avenue and disappeared in the darkness.

At the same instant two male passengers jumped off the rear platform and escaped death by a miracle. The car reached the closed iron gates, and in an instant the crash of snapping iron and breaking glass was heard.

This alarmed the conductor, who had stepped inside, and he was seen to dash for the rear door, but he was too late. A second later the car swayed on the edge of

the awful space, steadied for an instant as though in a frantic effort to maintain its equilibrium, and toppled over.

There was an agonizing chorus of screams, and in an instant all was quiet. The car struck upon a projection of piles in the abutment beneath the draw, then turning and collapsing, it fell into the dark river below, scattering its passengers in all directions and breaking the tow line between the tug and schooner that were passing. A few suppressed groans were heard by the men who happened to be on the docks below. Men from the bridge above and from the docks who had witnessed the accident called to the men on the tug to pick up the people, but only two passengers, one man and one woman, were recovered.

The news of the frightful accident spread rapidly and in a few minutes a fire boat, six ambulances, six dead wagons and a squad of policemen were on hand. The injured men and women were taken to a hospital and the work of rescuing the bodies was taken up. One by one they were found and taken to undertaking establishments in different parts of the city, as Cleveland has no morgue.

The work of identification was extremely slow. August Rogers, the motorman, was arrested later and held in \$5,000 bail.

## WEDDED HER MOTHER'S HUSBAND.

He is Lena's Step-papa and She Swears She Will Stick to Him.

It was a curious story that Mrs. Max Wiederman told in a Cincinnati police station. In Vienna, where she was born, she at the age of twenty married Lieutenant Von Schraeder, of the Hussars, who five years later fell from his horse during a review and was killed, leaving his widow with a daughter. Her father died a few months later, and her only means of support was the small pension allowed her by the Government. Three years elapsed, and she married Wiederman, who was a drug clerk, eight years her junior, and who, after one week of wedded bliss, awakened one morning to find that he had been conscripted for the army. Mrs. Wiederman added what little money she possessed to her husband's supply, and he fled to this country, intending to have his wife and stepchildren follow when he could get cash enough to send them for the journey. Wanderings, hardships and ill luck gradually effaced the memory of his wife, and he made up his mind to look for another. He was by this time in Topeka, Kansas, and fortune had commenced to favor him. Here it is that the second part of the story comes to light. Mrs. Wiederman, when the letters from her husband ceased, came to the conclusion that he was lost to her forever. She finally determined that she, too, would come to America. It may be that a remaining hope of meeting her husband assisted her in arriving at this conclusion. She reached Cincinnati in the fall of 1885, her daughter Lena being at that time a pretty, flaxen-haired, blue-eyed, sturdy child of eleven years. The woman, who had but a few dollars of her own, first started a small laundry, but it was not successful. She then opened a little delicatessen store. In the meantime she had assumed the name of Spriegel, and subsequent events proved that her daughter did not know the history of her marriage and subsequent desertion.

About three years ago a Cincinnati clergyman was appointed to a church in Topeka. He knew Mrs. Wiederman and her daughter, and proposed that the latter should accompany him and his family to Kansas. Mrs. Wiederman, realizing that her daughter's surroundings were not all that could be desired, consented, and so Lena reached Topeka. It was there that she met Wiederman, who was many years older than herself; there was a brief engagement, and they were married in Topeka in 1893. Wiederman determined to go to Cincinnati and try to retrieve his somewhat shattered fortunes.

Leha was delighted at the prospect of again meeting her mother, and readily consented. For some reason or other the couple did not reach Cincinnati until three weeks later.

Mrs. Wiederman, or Spriegel, received a telegram one evening notifying her of their arrival, and an hour later she was facing her long lost husband and her daughter. The scene that ensued can hardly be described. There were remonstrances, tears, threats and attempted explanations on the part of Wiederman. Lena was faithful to her husband and stepfather. She absolutely refused to leave him, in spite of the fact that her mother told and told again the story of her wrongs and her desertion. Finally Mrs. Wiederman No. 1 left in a rage, threatening to have both of them arrested.

## PETER MAHER FETED.

The Pittsburg friends of Peter Maher tendered him a dinner at the Hotel Thornton on Nov. 21. A telegram was read from Richard K. Fox, stating that Slavin's backer cabled him that he is willing to post \$5,000 for a finish fight between Slavin and Maher. The latter's backer wired Mr. Fox that they would give Fitzsimmons the first chance at Maher. It is a match with the Australian cannot be arranged Slavin's challenge will be accepted for a contest for any amount in England, Cape Town or anywhere.

Wag Harding seems persistent in his endeavors to force Gaudier into a match for the sculling championship of the world. A cable to the POLICE GAZETTE, is as follows:

Mr. Williams, Boingbroke Club, has deposited \$500 with the Sporting Lys to bind a match for Harding to row Gaudier or anyone in the world for \$5,000 or \$10,000 a side, over the Thames championship course; \$500 expenses allowed. If Gaudier will deposit \$500 with the POLICE GAZETTE and forward fair articles of agreement the match is insured.

## You Cannot be Without It!

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## YALE BLUE WAVES ALOFT.

Princeton's Tigers Beaten Again at Football.

## 30,000 PEOPLE SEE THE SPORT

Manhattan Field the Scene of One of the Most Gory Struggles on Record.

## MANY PLAYERS BADLY INJURED.

## [SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Again the sons of Eli are singing the praise of Yale's athletic glory; again the blue waves triumphant over the orange; again the hopes of the Princeton tigers have been dashed to earth; again—but why go on in that strain when it is simple enough to say that Yale has won another football victory over Princeton by a score of 20 to 10. That simple recapitulation, however, does not tell how the fight waged for an hour and a half between eleven huge muscular champions of Yale and an equal number as huge and muscular champions of Princeton on Manhattan Field last Saturday.

Not often, perhaps never before, has Manhattan Field been so crowded. The enormous double stands were packed, with not a vacant seat—not a vacant inch of standing-room. About the enclosure where the men of muscle fought, the men and youths stood from five to ten ranks deep. Thousands who bought plain admission tickets caught only rare glimpses of the contest by leaping in the air and thus fleetingly viewing the sweating, surging twenty-two.

From the first real onset, with eleven human bodies hurled against eleven other human bodies braced to receive the shock, the spectators saw that it was to be a day of blood. On either side hope was high. Each side felt sure of victory, but not of victory with ease. So there was little open play, little kicking. It was hand to hand, shoulder to shoulder, leg to leg. And something had to give.

Yale.	Positions.	Princeton.
Bass.	Left End.	Lea
Rodgers.	Left Tackle	Church
Chadwick.	Left Guard	Riggs
H. Cross.	Centre	Galley
W. Cross.	Right Guard	Rhodes
Murphy.	Right Tackle	Tyler
Hickey.	Right End	Conrad
Deeks.	Quarterback	Sher
Thorne.	Left Halfback	Rosenberg
De Witt.	Right Halfback	Armstrong
Jerrard.	Fullback	Baird

Referee—Mr. McClellan, of Lehigh. Umpire—Mr. Paul Dashiell, of Lehigh. Linesmen—Mr. Garfield, Williams, and Mr. Coyne, Orange A. C.

It was a few minutes after two o'clock when a significant pause in the shouting and yelling of the colossians on the big stands, indicated that the teams were ready for action. The kick off was effected to an accompaniment of noises that remind one of a babel. The ball was in action. It wavered back and forth, but each time went nearer Princeton's goal. And that great run Bass of Yale made, over fifty yards, through every Princeton's man's bunting! How the cheers and roars boomed out. How the flags waved. How the blood leaped. Now who says football is not a great game?

And then there was poor Riggs. A little later, when Yale had made her second touchdown and Princeton was fighting like fury, Riggs was at the bottom of one of the struggling heaps. The others rose, but he could not, although he fought to get to his feet like a mortally wounded victim in a bull fight. So they picked him up and carried him away.

But there is no time to follow Riggs to the hospital. The game is going on and Princeton is fighting and Yale is attacking with the fury of those who see victory beckoning.

And now it is the great Capt. Thorne. He has been playing a mad game. Wherever the fight was the hottest there was Thorne, pushing, plowing, tackling, jostling, jumping, squeezing. Thorne is a gust of blood and the fighters are separated. Then it is seen that Thorne is bleeding as if some one had cut an artery for him. But the doctor comes sees that it is an old wound reopened by the fury of the fight. The blood is saturated and Thorne springs forward. And the game goes on.

At the end of the first half the score is ten to nothing in favor of Yale. It is time for Princeton to bestir itself. And you can see in the faces of the Princeton giants that they realize their full duty. Yale is wearied by the ardor of the first half of the battle. Also she feels that Princeton cannot hope to overcome the advantage she has gained. So the first fifteen minutes give the friends of Princeton a chance to yell and screech and howl and roar.

There had been hard fighting in the first half. But nothing like this desperate fury. As soon as Princeton got the ball she clutched it tightly and began the grand charge.

Back, back, back went the Yale line. There was no resisting that frenzy. The Princeton men each time formed close about the ball and, at the signal, hurled themselves forward in a whirl like that you see when you look down to the bottom of a grinding funnel when the sharp curved knives are going round and round. The Yale men were ground up. They resisted each time, were thrown backward and prone and exhausted upon the earth.

After each fall one or more men had to be lifted up and restored.

Soon Yale's fury was roused to the boiling pitch. And then the police had to interfere. Covered with dirt, blinded by rage, with bodies smarting from blows and slams, the twenty-two representatives of university culture looked like nothing human. But the police intercessors rather calmed them. They realized that something was due to the feelings of those who are not quite so ardent in their love of refinement and intellect.

Princeton paid dearly for her terrible fight. Arm-

strong and Lea were borne from the field, shattered. And she so exhausted herself in making ten points that she had to let Yale add ten to the ten she had won in the first half. But what was Princeton's loss was the spectators' gain. For certainly never was such a fierce and gallant fight seen in the college football arena, glorious and gay though it is.

## SWELL SPORTS WITNESS KNOCK-OUTS.

A select representation of New York swell sports coterie gathered in the gymnasium of the New York Athletic Club last Saturday night to participate in the initial boxing show of the season. Six bouts were on the programme, and an enjoyable evening's entertainment was meted out to the lovers of pugilism. "Maxey" More was referee, and Edward K. Kearney and Arthur J. Moore were judges. "Benny" Williams filled the office of announcer. The opening bout was between "Kid" McPartland, of New York city, and Frank Bryant, of Brooklyn, at 125 pounds. Both boys sparred for an opening, tried with their lefts, but both were short. McPartland then swung his right on Bryant's neck, but the latter retaliated with a hard straight left on the jaw, which sent the "Kid" sprawling on his back. On regaining his feet the "Kid" essayed to land, but was nailed on the jaw with a terrific right-hand swing, which sent him to the floor again. McPartland took his full ten seconds to arise and was very groggy. Bryant walked right up and planted his left on the jaw, causing the Kid to stagger all over the ring. The referee stopped the bout and saved McPart-

## MRS. MAXWELL WAS LONELY

While Her Husband Was Absent Her Friend Consoled Her.

## THEN CAME THE DISCOVERY.

Swell Society of Hyde Park, Chicago, Shivered from Top to Bottom.

## NOW BOTH HAVE BEEN ARRESTED.

Two of the society pets of Hyde Park, Chicago, who have oft graced the ballrooms of the southern suburb with their presence, occupied separate rooms at the



She Made Herself at Home in His Room.

land from a knock-out. The time of the round was 2 minutes 50 seconds.

The second event was between Jim Caulfield, of New York city, and George Justice, of Long Island, each at 100 pounds. Neither of these boys know much about boxing, and they labored through four rounds of slings and slashes. The judges eventually gave the bout to Justice.

The third bout of six rounds was between E. C. Campbell, of Albany, and Harry Kyle, of New York, at 125 pounds. Both did their best to avoid each other. A lucky punch knocked Campbell down, but he was up smiling. The whole bout was a farce throughout, Campbell quitting with a left-hand uppercut in the third round.

The next bout was also of six rounds, at 115 pounds, between Frank Zimpfer, of Buffalo, and Dave O'Connor, of Paterson. At the end O'Connor was very weak, but game. He put up a very good fight, but was clearly outclassed by the boy from Buffalo. The judges gave their decision to Zimpfer.

Sammy Kelly, of Staten Island, and Darby McGowan, of New York, came out next. Kelly, after avoiding McGowan's rushes, landed his right on McGowan's jaw, causing him to reel and stagger; another punch laid him low on his back, totally insensible of his surroundings. The time of the round was 2 minutes 10 seconds.

In a four-round bout between Paul Kelly and Benny Leon, both of New York, at 118 pounds, Leon quit in the second round.

The final bout was between Tommy West, of Denver, and Teddy Burke, of Hoboken, at 154 pounds. In the third round West started in to do the fighting, and after 1 minute and 20 seconds of hard fighting landed a flush right-hander on the jaw, knocking Burke down and out.

## Oh, Mama, Buy Me That!

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Calumet avenue. A warrant was procured, and thus armed Officer Early appeared at the rooms. The door was pushed open, and the wife and the lover were surprised while discussing a sumptuous meal, including liquid as well as solid cheer.

The twain were then arrested and taken to the Woodlawn station and locked up. They refused to make any kind of a statement.

Mr. Maxwell was seen at the hotel where he was staying, and was almost broken-hearted with grief. "My friends tell me," he said, "that I would have been justified in shooting that cur dead. Why I didn't do that know."

Angier is one of the chief clerks of the Title and Trust Company at 100 Washington street, and quite prominent in social and financial circles.

## UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA DEFEATS HARVARD.

The University of Pennsylvania defeated Harvard in their annual game last Saturday on Soldiers' Field, Cambridge, by a score of 17 to 14. Fully 12,000 people saw the game, which was intensely exciting from start to finish.

The field was soft and muddy, and in the second half a strong wind came up, which swept down the field and gave Pennsylvania a big advantage.

A large delegation of Pennsylvania supporters occupied the east stand, filling three whole sections, and the stands were bright with the colors of the two universities.

Harvard's defeat can be explained in one sentence—her failure to kick two goals, which, if successfully done, would have won her the game. In spite of her defeat, Harvard clearly outplayed her opponents, and in the second half had the Pennsylvania team on the run. It was merely a question of a few minutes before she would have scored again.

It was a singular fact that all of the scoring done by both sides was due to blocked punts. Pennsylvania's first score was a goal from the infield, made after a blocked punt, and Gelbert's run of 40 yards, the longest of the game, was made from another blocked punt. The five yards necessary to put the ball over the line was an easy thing after that.

The game was remarkably free from unnecessary roughness and slugging, and the officials were so effective and watchful that off-side playing and holding proved too costly to be indulged in by either side.

Harvard made a plucky and desperate uphill fight in the second half, with the score 17 to 8 against them and a strong wind blowing down the field, by which Brooke was enabled to punt 60 or 70 yards, while the best Brewer could do was 30.

Nothing but praise can be given to the work of both teams, although Brewer's almost unaccountable failures to kick two goals were directly responsible for Harvard's defeat, yet his work in the rest of the game was wonderful.

Gould and Rice, Harvard's two green tackles, played a wonderfully steady game. Wrightington captained the Harvard team, and put lots of snap into the play, and Beale showed good judgment in the use of signals. Pennsylvania fumbled the muddy ball more than Harvard, but otherwise her playing was magnificent. Capt. Williams, for the way he ran his team, Brooke, for his punting, and Gelbert deserve the most praise.

Harvard's centre was impregnable, and Doucette, who took Frank Shaw's place after he was injured, played full as well as Shaw. The teams lined up as follows:

Harvard.	Positions.	Pennsylvania.
Cabot.	Left End.	Boyle
Stevenson.	Left Tackle	Wagener
Holt.	Left Guard	Woodruff
F. Shaw.	Centre	Galley
N. Shaw.	Right Guard	Bull
Garrett.	Right Tackle	Farrar
Newell.	Right End	Dickson
Beale.	Quarterback	Williams
Wrightington.	Left Halfback	Gelbert
C. Brewer.	Right Halfback	Minds
Dunlop, Brown.	Fullback	Brooke

The officials were: Referee, H. L. Pratt, Amherst; umpires, Laurie Blinn, Yale; M. A. Kennedy, of Leland Stanford; F. Wood, Harvard's linesman; F. Delahur, Pennsylvania '94, for Pennsylvania. Score—Pennsylvania, 17; Harvard, 14. Touchdowns, Newell, Brooke, Wrightington, Boyle, Cabot. Goals from touchdowns, Brooke (2), Brewer. Goal from field, Brooke. Attendance, 12,000.

## TRYED TO DRUG HER FRIEND.

## [SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

For the past week the fashionable neighborhood of West Bell place, between Vanderventer avenue and Sarah street, St. Louis, Mo., has been excited over one of the most remarkable sensations ever revealed in St. Louis, involving, as it does, persons of prominence in the city.

According to the account of Mrs. J. T. Stewart, of Amsterdam, N. Y., who is at present staying at a fashionable boarding house in St. Louis, she was preparing to go out, when Mrs. Melton entered her room unannounced, wearing a man's suit of clothes, a jaunty cap and a handkerchief as a mask over her face.

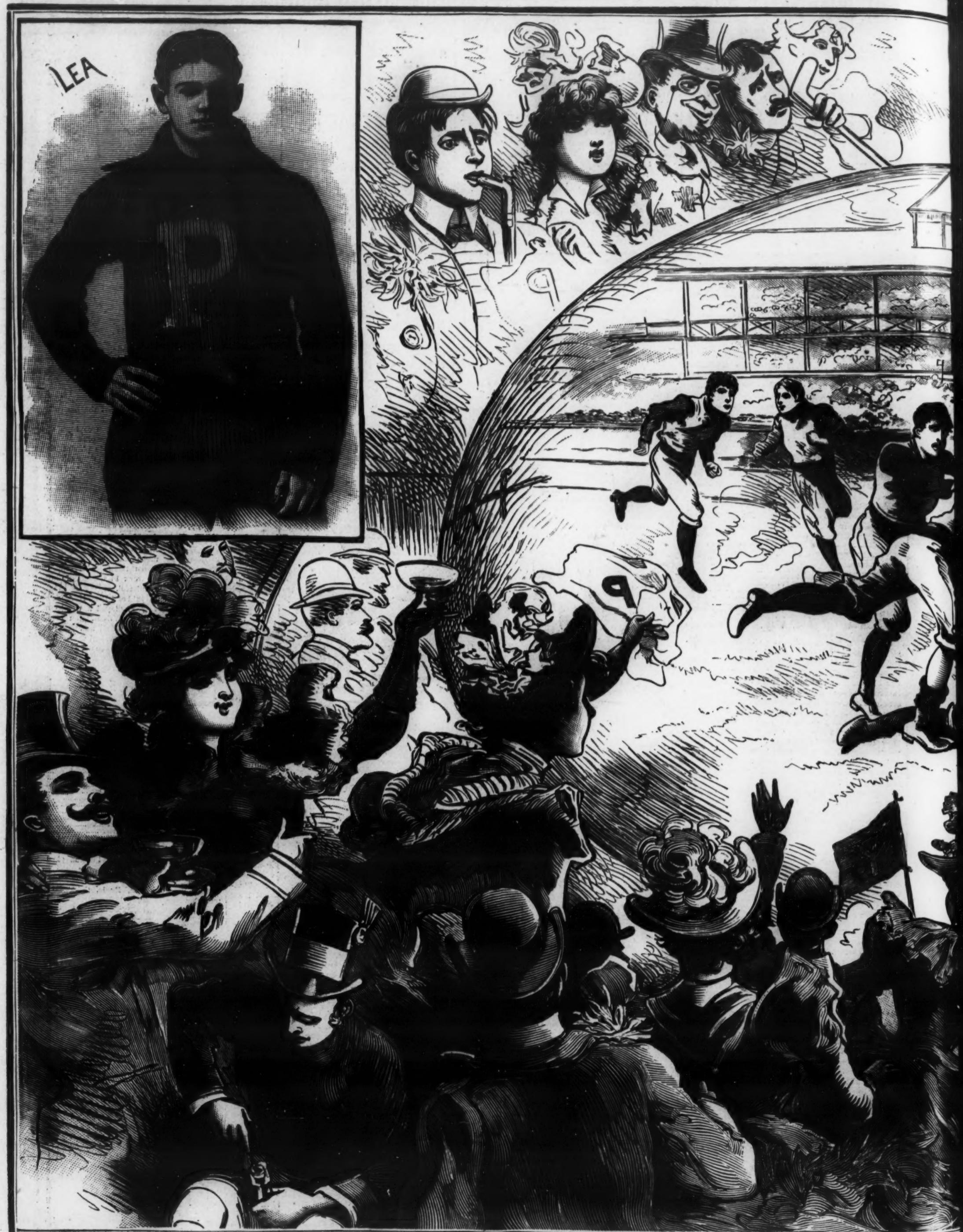
Mrs. Melton carried a bottle of chloroform when she appeared in Mrs. Stewart's room. She saturated a handkerchief with the chloroform and roughly covered Mrs. Stewart's face. The latter was almost overcome, but by an effort succeeded in getting away from her. She screamed, and several occupants of the house hastened to her assistance.

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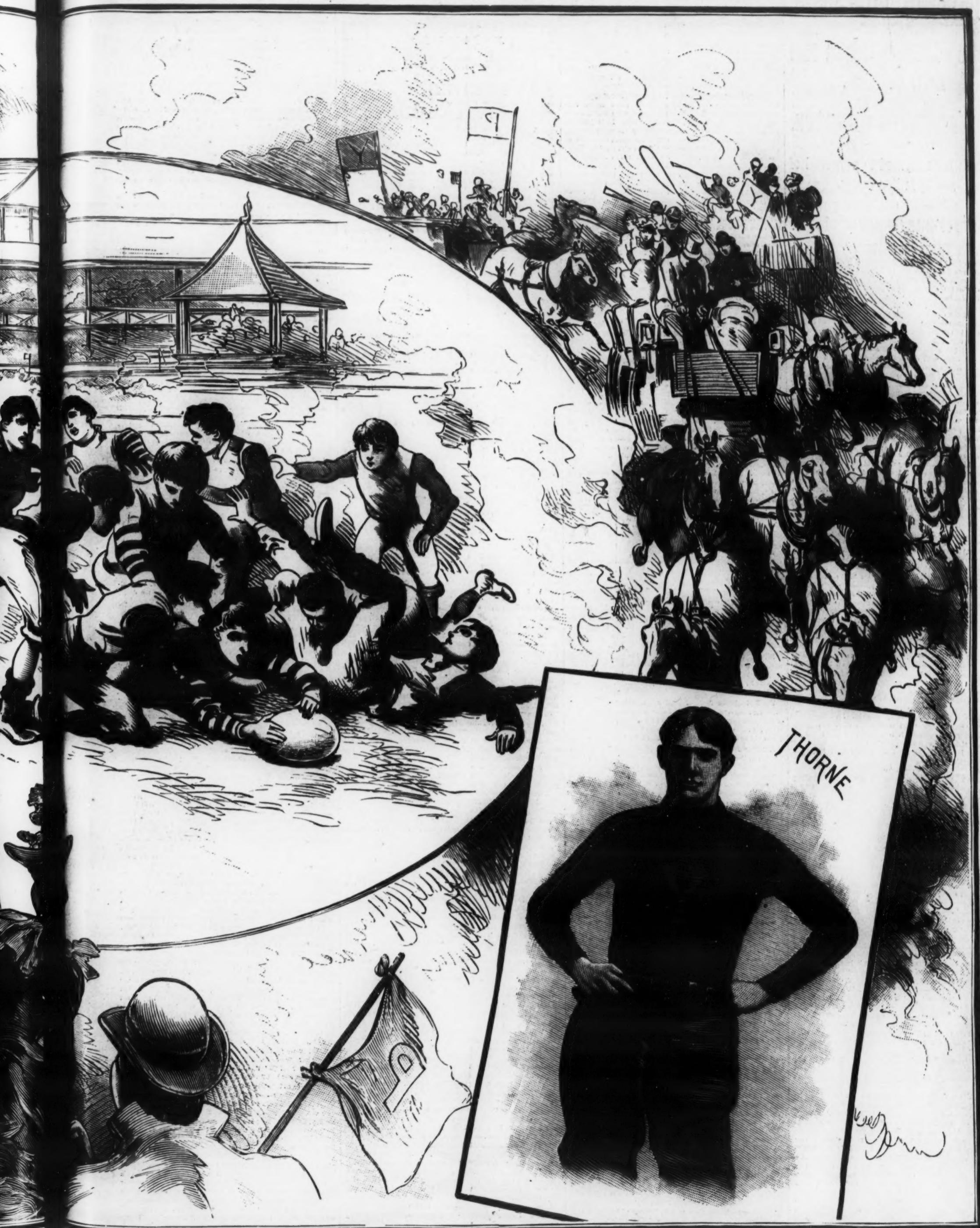
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YALE BLUE VICTORY

FEATURES OF THE BIG FOOTBALL GAME AT MANHATTAN FIELD ON NOVEMBER 10. LASSIES HAVE A FIELD DAY-THROUGH THE



VI  
ORIOUS AGAIN.

NO  
HE  
A SCRIMMAGE ON THE SIDE LINE--COLLEGE BOYS AND TENDERLOIN  
R ON A TALLY-HO--CAPTAINS OF THE TEAMS.

## SPORTS OF ALL SORTS.

Events of Passing Interest That Merit Criticism.

## TO INVESTIGATE DUNRAVEN.

Turfmen Look Forward to a Revival of Racing in New Jersey.

## NOT ONE OF RILEY GRANNAN'S COUPS.

Dunraven's accusations against Mr. Iselin and those who participated with him in Defender's victory over Valkyrie will be investigated, and it is hoped that for the honor of American sport the charges will be proved to its most satisfying depths and if the accuser is wrong that he be punished with all the severity that the occasion demands.

While no definite plan of action has yet been announced, it is understood to be the purpose of the committee to make an extensive examination into all the circumstances and incidents that can in any way be connected with the charges. The investigation will cover the period from the time Defender first arrived at the dry dock at Erie Basin until the last race of the series was sailed. Every one in any way connected with Defender during that time, from the managers of the yacht to the owners and officials of the dry dock, will be called as witnesses, and a stenographic report of their testimony will be taken.

This testimony will be of such a nature that it will tell in detail everything that happened during every hour of the days and nights of the period under investigation. In accordance with this plan, notices have already been sent out requesting all who have any knowledge of the matter to either appear before the committee in person or submit a detailed report in writing.

Among the members of the New York Yacht Club the opinion is expressed that the plan adopted by the committee is certain to prove satisfactory to all concerned. It is acknowledged that anything less than absolute and authentic proof of the falsity of Lord Dunraven's charges would not suffice. That the investigation will furnish this no one doubts. The gentlemen forming the committee are representative American yachtsmen, in whose integrity even the doubting Earl must have confidence. That they will sift the matter to the bottom, without fear or favor, goes without saying.

The feeling against Lord Dunraven has by no means died out. Those who from the very first were of the opinion that summary action should be taken by the New York Yacht Club have been less demonstrative since the investigating committee was appointed, but have not changed their views. It is understood that though the committee were empowered to take any action in the name of the club that might be deemed proper in the premises, they will leave final action on the question of expulsion to be decided at the meeting of the club. It is said that after all the testimony has been taken, it will be put in proper shape and submitted in a report. This will embody an expression of opinion, based upon the nature of the testimony, as to the action that should be taken.

It has been stated in some quarters that Lord Dunraven's charges are based upon information conveyed to him, or to his representative, Arthur Glennie, by some person supposed to be cognizant of what took place on board Defender after the first official measurement had been taken. It is also stated that this information was given for the purpose of deceiving Dunraven and causing dissatisfaction and creating suspicion.

Should the investigation prove this to be the case, it is doubtful if the committee will recommend his expulsion, though, of course, it is impossible to get any member to say as much. Lord Dunraven's offer to come to this country and testify before the committee has not been seriously considered. It is probable, though, in view of the foregoing, that he will be requested to submit in writing the nature of the information on which his charges are based and the name of his informant.

Interest in cycling affairs is growing judging from the increased membership in the League of American Wheelmen. So notable has this interest been in the past year that it has resulted in making the officers realize that some radical reforms are required to keep the L. A. W. in its present position next year. Considerable time will be devoted to the racing department and some needed changes will likely be made in the amateur rules. Chief Counsel Potter of the New York State division, intends to urge the abolition of racing from the L. A. W. jurisdiction at the next meeting of the National Assembly, but such a suggestion will without doubt be defeated, inasmuch as the league derives a big income from its racing.

In view of the large membership of the league and its desire to promote road improvement on a larger scale, it is suggested by some members of the organization that the league be reorganized.

A prominent member, in discussing the reorganization scheme says: "Sooner or later the league will have to be entirely reorganized. The present conduct of affairs was proper years ago when the body was in its infancy, but now that it has become a powerful institution its present management is entirely too clumsy and unwieldy."

"At present each and every member of the league is financially responsible for the debts of the entire body, as it is not an incorporated organization. Then the idea of having one secretary for the United States is in many ways absurd. I think if the league were subdivided into sections—say all New England in one branch, the Southern States in another, the Middle States in a third, and so on throughout the country—the affairs could be much more centralized. In this case the plan would be to have a president in each branch as well as a secretary. Each sub-division should run its affairs entirely independent of all others. The secretary would receive the money for dues and new members and pay to the national secretary the pro rata share."

An important question to be decided by the league at its next meeting will be the extension of the term of office of its president. His term is now only one year.

In all the controversy that has been indulged in by Ives and Schaefer regarding a proposed championship battle with the cue, George Slosson has been unjustly ignored. Now he proposes to take a hand in the argument and say a little something himself about the situation. He expresses the following opinion: "Ives does not seem to know what he wants to do. When he ever does talk what he says is so extreme that nobody can afford to listen to him. At the eleventh hour, for example, he proposed a tournament, and said he would take part in one match at fourteen-inch balk-line, beginning in New York November 28, and in another at eighteen-inch balk-line, beginning in Chicago December 9. How preposterous that is! We would have no time to practice for the first match and no time to learn the eighteen-inch game in order to play the second. Then another thing about Ives is that he always talks like a millionaire. When I saw the chances for a tournament fading away I proposed a couple of games with Ives to be played in New York—one of 800 points at balk-line and the other of 400 points at cushion carroms, each game for \$500 a side. What was Ives' answer? He said he would play the matches for \$5,000 a side for each match, the matches to last one week each instead of simply one night. Now, I cannot afford to play for \$5,000 a side. In the past \$500 a side has been considered a pretty good inducement for the best of billiardists, but Ives seeks to introduce a new system which is beyond the reach of billiard players. Some of them may have gamblers who will back them for that amount, but that is a different

thing. And then Ives wants long matches. I haven't the physique for that. After I have played one night I am pretty well exhausted. If I had a physique like Ives possibly I could stand it to play every night for a week."

Slosson said that so far as a match with Schaefer was concerned, he was willing to make one. "I wanted," said he, "to make sure that I could not get on a match with Ives, for in that event the games could not be played here in New York. But now that it seems impossible I am willing to talk to Schaefer. I will make a double match with him on the same terms that I proposed to Ives, one game at cushion carroms and one game at balk-line, each for \$500 a side. One of the games, however, must be played in New York."

**There has been more or less talk recently concerning the possibility of a revival of racing in New Jersey. It is said that a canvas of the residents of the "race track" counties shows them to be almost universally in favor of it. It is just here that one of the most unsatisfactory phases of the racing situation presents itself. In contradistinction to other sports, thoroughbred racing has become almost hopelessly mixed up with politics. There has been more legislation on this question than was absolutely necessary, simply because politicians have become possessed of the idea that by piling in opposition to racing they make themselves popular with a certain element among their constituents whose votes they would not otherwise obtain. A close observation will reveal this to be the case in this State as well as in New Jersey and Illinois. Where the necessity for legislation, one way or the other, concerning racing arises is hard to understand. Why the question should in any sense be made a political issue is beyond comprehension. Why not make a marker of baseball, yachting, football and even lawn tennis as well? Conducted as it was last season in New York state, racing is in every sense of the word as legitimate an amusement as any of the others. It is claimed by some that it is because racing eclipses in popular interest all the others combined that it has attracted the attention of the politician. Perhaps this is true. No lover of the sport would deny the soft impeachment. But in all fairness it would seem that the selection of racing as a mark should be disconcerted unless the others are treated in a like manner.**

**Various stories have been circulated for some days past to the effect that Riley Grannan had lost many thousands of dollars in some sort of a game of chance played in this city. The story had it that Grannan dropped \$40,000 at poker, and that Pat already got his share of the spoils. Another yarn was to the effect that Grannan thought he could deal fair; that two old-timers encouraged him in the belief until they got something like \$72,000 of the money he managed to make during the summer season playing the ponies. Sheedy says that he did not win any money from Grannan, and that the only game he knows of where the young player lost any money was in a little game of Boston, where he dropped something like \$2,500. This is probably much nearer the truth than the other stories. Has Riley Grannan won or lost one-fifth the money he has been credited winning or losing, the Bank of England reserve would have been nothing compared to that amount. If reports are true he has won enough to pay the national debt of the United States, but it is safe to say that these reports are very far from true. There is hardly a doubt that much of the betting done during the racing season by Grannan was for the purpose of influencing the odds, and when that had been accomplished the wagers were never heard of again, whether the horses on which he is supposed to have placed thousands finished first or with the rock. That was in the employ of the bookmakers no sane man will doubt; but it does seem that now the racing season is over we might be given a rest from the wonderful tales of this young man's plunging propensities. Still, in dull days like these, when sporting news is scarce and the sporting reporter must make a good show, perhaps one should not object when he draws on his imagination, as long as he does not tell a malicious lie.**

## DOMINO.

## SPORTING NOTES.

Dan McConnell, the Philadelphia pugilist, who put up such a game fight with Billy Ernst, wants another shy at the latter. A ten-round contest between Ernst and McConnell would prove an attractive card in any club.

Billy Hawkins, the well-known Canadian pugilist, writes to the POLICE GAZETTE from Winnipeg that there is no truth in the story that he has been in an insane asylum. He is open to fight anybody for the lightweight championship of Canada, and can get substance backing.

The Bellingrove Club, of London, according to a cable to the POLICE GAZETTE, will become a factor in bidding for the services of American pugilists. It offers \$5,500 for a limited-round bout between Peter Maher and Slavin, and its matchmaker intimates that \$5,000 will be the figure for Maher and Fitzsimmons.

A letter from Kid McCoy, who is now in London, to Richard K. Fox, says that he is matched to fight Ted White, the amateur middleweight champion of England, at the National Sporting Club. The winner will be matched against Dan Creedon. Joe McGrath, the Irish champion bantam, whom Billy Flinnor defeated at Coney Island, will train McCoy.

"Australian" Billy Murphy and Jack Dougherty, the Philadelphia pugilist, fought a ten-round bout at the Opera House, Lexington, Ky., on Nov. 13, under the auspices of the Lexington A. C. Murphy weighed 114 pounds and Dougherty 126 pounds. The gloves used weighed three ounces. At the end of ten rounds Referee Doyle gave the fight to Murphy.

Stakeholder Phil Dwyer has paid over to Corbett on behalf of the Florida A. C., \$2,500 for not pulling off the big fight. Joe Vendig said that, as Corbett had done everything possible to bring about a meeting with Fitz, he was entitled to the money. Vendig said that, as Fitz had not lived up to the articles of agreement, he would not get a cent, and if he wanted to sue the club would make a stiff fight.

The following cable was received at the "Police Gazette" office.

LONDON, Nov. 14, 1895.

To-day's Greco-Roman wrestling match between Mench and Paul Pons ended in a draw. Mench showed best work but neither gained a fall. Canterbury Hall Jaunited. Pallant and Leach rode on road mile tandem yesterday in 1 minute 31 1/5 seconds, world's record.

Beyond a slight soreness in the region of the pectoral nerve, Steve O'Donnell has entirely recovered from his late bout with Peter Maher. "I do not mean to accuse anybody of dosing me," he said; "I simply wish to say that I was not myself. I had trained too long and hard, and was not at my best. I hope to retrieve myself in the early future, and am sure I can make a better showing than on that Monday night. I have as yet made no plans for the future."

There have been expressions among sports to the effect that Corbett's retirement from the ring was to avoid meeting Fitzsimmons, and to force the New Zealander to battle with Maher. Thus he would have to whip only the winner, whereas if he fought Fitz now and won he would have to turn around afterward and prove his superiority over Maher. In this way he would take two chances of being whipped and losing his prestige, whereas by sending Maher to the front he will, if he decides to fight again, have but one formidable opponent.

Peter Maher is disposed to recognize Bob Fitzsimmons as first legitimate claimant for a battle. In a letter to Richard K. Fox on Friday last, John J. Quinn, his backer, says: "In answer to Slavin would say Maher will fight him or anyone else, but the stake must be \$5,000 a side. Fitzsimmons has the first call, but if he refuses to fight Peter will fight Slavin for \$5,000 a side and the championship, in either America, England or South Africa. Whichever country offers the biggest purse is the place to fight. Maher will give all these would-be champions a chance to fight, and they won't have to wait long providing they have \$5,000 backing." Truly yours, JOHN J. QUINN.

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Franklin Square, New York.

J. H. S., Olympia.—Find enclosed a portrait: who is it? John L. Sullivan.

H. T., Lake Linden, Mich.—When did Corbett and Jackson fight? May 21, 1891.

F. H., Delta, Ia.—What is the correct name of pugilist Jake Kilrain? John Kilian.

J. E. W., Cleveland, O.—A misunderstanding exists and the money should be drawn.

BLANCHARD, Chicago, Ill.—Did Peter Jackson and Peter Maher ever have a fight? No.

W. K. T., Pano, Wash.—Send 10 cents for POLICE GAZETTE containing all measurements.

J. A., Appanoose, Ia.—What is the record of jumping on ice skates? Have no record.

J. B., Fortress Monroe, Va.—Who is the recognized middleweight champion? Fitzsimmons.

J. J. B., Orange, N. J.—Did Sullivan and Ryan ever run a 100-yard race? Never heard of it.

Fitz, Manchester, N. H.—A bets that Corbett is champion prize fighter of the world? No, he is not.

H. C. C., New York.—J says Tommy Ryan is a Hebrew or Jew. May says he is no Jew? He is not a Jew.

T. F., Pittston, Pa.—Did Dempsey or the "Marine" win the last fight they fought? The "Marine" won.

J. G., Utica, N. Y.—Your query is an impertinent one. Write to him personally and ask him to answer you.

G. W. O., Northwest, Iowa.—How long is it since Corbett and Jackson fought their draw? May 21, 1891.

F. J. C., Goshen, N. Y.—What is the running record of the world? For what distance; man, horse or dog?

G. C. W., Middletown, Conn.—Send for "Life of Corbett" and "Life of Fitzsimmons" 25 cents each. 2. About 20 pounds.

F. L., Whipple Barracks, Arizona.—Which brings the highest price per ton, coke or coal? Coal brings the highest price.

E. G. B., Hazleton, Pa.—Inform me what month the Arion and French balls take place? February—dates not yet settled.

J. H. W., Ashland, Mo.—How many prize ring fights has Sullivan had and how many has Corbett had? Sullivan 88; Corbett 25.

E. H., New Bedford.—Will you inform me in regard to the whereabouts of Frank Hayes, the lightweight of Colorado? Do not know.

C. H. B., Holyoke, Mass.—Tell me when Harry Hutchins, of England, won his last Sheffield handicap? Feb. 10, 1891, from 78 yards.

W. T. H., Philadelphia, Pa.—What was the weight of Chas. Mitchell when he fought Corbett in Jacksonville? About 156 pounds.

A. S. Antonio, Tex.—A bets that the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight will take place in Texas; who wins, the fight being declared off? Wins.

K. H., Washington, D. C.—State whether Maher knocked Fitzsimmons through the ropes in the fight in which Fitz was declared winner? No.

RADER, Milwaukee.—Where can I get some papers from Cape town, South Africa? International News Company, Beekman street, New York.

C. R., Fishkill-on-Hudson, N. Y.—Was Peter Jackson, the colored champion, ever defeated? Yes, in three rounds, by Bill Farnan, at Melbourne, July 26, 1884.

M. X., Allegheny, Pa.—State whether a pigeon ever flew across the ocean, that is from land to land. What is the age of Peter Maher? 1. No. 2. 26 years.

T. L., New York.—State reason why you publish in your paper of Nov. 23 the reason John L. Sullivan was not champion of the world?

....Because the question was asked.

C. A. B., Springfield.—How many pounds does Maher weigh?

How many battles did he fight, and what is his age? About 178. 2. About 20 or so. 3. 26 years.

J. M., Brooklyn.—What was the date of the fight between Slavin and McAlisiff in England and the result? Sept. 27, 1890. Slavin knocked McAlisiff out in two rounds.

J. W., Paterson, N. J.—Who has fought the most contests, Sullivan or Dixon? Sullivan is the largest.

T. F., Springfield.—How many battles has Peter Maher fought? See answer to C. A. B., Springfield. Space is too valuable to give his entire record. See last week's POLICE GAZETTE.

O. H. P., Fessenden, N. D.—Did Bob Fitzsimmons knock Peter Maher out or did he throw up the sponge? Maher was clearly beaten and his seconds threw up the sponge. He was not knocked out.

Referee, Portland, Ore.—A bets B that Peter Jackson is champion of Australia. Who wins? Was he ever champion of Australia or England? 1. A. 2. He beat Tom Lee for championship of Australia and Frank Slavin for championship of England.

H. W. McN., Ann Arbor, Mich.—How many rounds did Bob Fitzsimmons and Joe Choykin fight before it was stopped? What were the weights of both Fitzsimmons and Dempsey at the time of their fight? 1. 15 rounds. 2. 150½ and 147½ respectively.

J. J. R., Pueblo, Colo.—How much money had Fitzsimmons up in Phil Dwyer's hands for his fight with Corbett and what was the amount attached by the printing company? \$10

## MAHER DECLINES THE TITLE.

Would Rather Win it by Fighting Than Take it as a Gift.

## CORBETT HOLDS A BIG ACE.

Lavigne Seems to be Badly Matched Against Joe Walcott.

## FISTIC GOSSIP AND SMALL TALK.

**It will take something more than Jim Corbett's simple utterance to convince men that he is done with the fistic game for good. There may have been an element of sincerity in his actions when he formally presented the title of champion to Peter Maher on the occasion of his recent victory over Steve O'Donnell, but I am of the opinion that a desire for a grand stand play actuated it, and that subsequently the hero of that episode had a quiet little smile with himself and an exchange of personal confidences which had a direct bearing upon the contingent success or failure of his theatrical future.**

I am of the opinion that Corbett will fight again, and desire to go on record as saying so.

Corbett believes himself to be destined for a great historic future, and that, apart from his prize ring connection, he is capable of making a success of his stage work. I am prone to differ with him on this point. Whatever success he has enjoyed has resulted directly and dependently upon his reputation as a pugilist. As regards his acting, a mantle of charitable silence might well be employed. He has been a magnet to attract a certain element to the play house, and why? Because he was the recognized champion pugilist of America. His appearance on the stage afforded an opportunity to those who could not with convenience or propriety see him in the prize ring. He appeared before them amidst inviting surroundings as an incident to an attractive entertainment.

In renouncing his pugilistic connection he appeals to his audience as an actor, and makes a bid for favor on the strength of his historic talents.

It is in anticipation of a signal failure as an actor that I predict his return to the ring. I am disposed to criticize his willingness to renounce his connection with pugilism. He is now at the very zenith of his fame, and at his age (29) there is no reason to believe that his powers are waning, despite all that the critical knowalls say to the contrary. He is admittedly the most skillful boxer that ever donned a pair of gloves.

The gaudiness of a man who had the temerity to face John L. Sullivan cannot be questioned. He possesses all the qualities that make a great pugilist, then wherefore retire and relinquish the glory that he fought so determinedly to acquire?

There is just enough cunning in Jim Corbett's makeup to make me believe that his idea is to let Peter Maher dispose of the championship aspirations of men like Fitzsimmons. The fact has been demonstrated that the Australian lacks the courage to go against him, whereas on the other hand Fitz cannot consistently refuse to fight Maher again, after having beaten him once. For Maher to defeat Fitzsimmons now would place the former in the premier place and dispense of the Australian's claims. He could then fight Maher without the fear of being hounded by Fitzsimmons' insincere claims. While Maher is doing the fighting, Corbett can devote himself to his theatrical experiment, which, if successful, will enable him to retire from the ring, and if a failure attends his efforts he always has a legitimate claim upon the consideration of the holder of the title a year or two hence.

**Peter Maher shows a disposition to repudiate Corbett's generosity in handing over the championship. He told me one day recently that he preferred rather to follow the footsteps of his illustrious predecessors and fight for a title attaching the glory of having won it than being heralded as a champion by proxy.**

In expressing such sentiments the Irishman indicates the possession of a lot of common sense, and I congratulate him upon the stand he has taken. Maher's followers represent a class of people who bear no great love for Corbett. They attribute to him the downfall of Sullivan, their idol, and look upon him more in the light of a usurper of the title rather than a legitimate victor. They, like Sullivan, refuse to admit any good in Corbett, being blinded by one circumstance, his defeat of John L.

Maher cannot consistently go before these people representing a race of which Sullivan was an illustrious descendant, flaunting in their faces a gift of Sullivan's laurels handed him by the man who deprived their idol of his glory.

Maher is making rapid inroads upon the affections of the very people who worshipped the mighty Sullivan; people who encouraged him through his long career as a champion, applauded his victories and hailed him with exultation when he won, and mourned his downfall in sackcloth and ashes.

During Corbett's reign these people have been groping blindly for a being to fill the niche in the temple of fame left vacant by the downfall of the mightiest. They have with accord centered their hopes upon Maher, and long for the time to come when they can hail him as champion, not with a manufactured title, but with the legitimate article fought fair and won.

Since Maher stepped into a position of comparative fame by defeating O'Donnell, he has acted in a way calculated to encourage the belief that he wants to fight.

In a letter to me the other day he says "anybody," but it is significant that he offers to Fitzsimmons the preference of an engagement. Maher chafes under a recollection of the walloping that the Australian gave him in New Orleans. To even up that account is his principal ambition just now. After removing that blot upon the Maher escutcheon, Peter will begin his career as a claimant for championship honors.

But will Fitzsimmons fight him again? Perhaps.

**O'Donnell's position in the fistic world is one that rather excites sympathy. His easy defeat by Maher would seem to justify him in seeking retirement, and this, I understand, was his original intention but he has sensibly reconsidered the matter and now looks forward to an opportunity to right himself in the opinions of those who supported him.**

He has a reasonable grievance against Jim Daly for his recent utterances regarding Corbett's desire to have him beaten by Maher. In talking over the matter the other day in the POLICE GAZETTE office O'Donnell told me that Daly's enmity was the outcome of a boxing bout which the two men engaged in while training at Hot Springs. O'Donnell says that after being hustled about for two minutes by Steve, Daly pulled off his gloves and refused to continue. Again at Memphis, Tenn., on the way to New York, the Corbett company stopped to give a show. Daly and O'Donnell sparred again and for the second time the former refused to continue after having been punched a bit.

There is a question of veracity between the two men over this subject which can only be settled by their going into the ring and deciding which is the better. Daly claims to be able to best O'Donnell. The latter says he has bested Daly. O'Donnell wants to try again and has signed with the Manhattan Athletic Club, of New York to box. Daly to defend his position must follow suit.

So far as Corbett's feelings towards O'Donnell are concerned I have taken steps to find out that he had no thought of Maher defeating the Australian and on the day of the battle not only wagered "his bit" on the latter but advised such men as Al Smith and Phil

Dwyer to play him. Billy Delaney who seconded O'Donnell in the ring, also advised his friends at the Vanderbilt hotel and elsewhere to play him. This rather has a tendency to destroy the effect of Jim Daly's story about O'Donnell being unpopular in the Corbett camp.

**It is now said that Jack McAuliffe is again anxious to try conclusions with some of the many aspirants for lightweight championship honors. Jack has been looked upon by many people as a back number, but if he would train faithfully he could probably get into good shape again. Dick Roche, who for years acted as manager and backer for the lightweight, announced to a party of well-known sporting men in an uptown resort, the other night, that he had been authorized by a prominent business man to back McAuliffe against any lightweight in the world for \$20,000. Roche said: "I want it understood that I am not back of this offer, for it might be said by some people that it was not bona fide, on account of my present financial condition. The man who offers to back McAuliffe is a well known New Yorker, and the money is ready. I have had placed in my possession a liberal forfeit, which I am ready to post at a moment's notice to guarantee that the entire \$20,000 will be put up inside of twenty-four hours after the offer is accepted. Many persons think that McAuliffe is a 'has been,' and that he will never again be able to get into condition, but the person who offers to back him thinks otherwise, and his money talks."**

The well known New Yorker referred to is said on good authority to be Frank Beard, a well-known society man, who enjoys the distinction of being the best dressed man in Brooklyn; the owner of many prize winners at the Horse show, recently held in New York; a famous whip, and the owner of the Erie stable, one of the leading racing concerns on the eastern tracks. Beard's interest in McAuliffe arises from the fact that Billy Donohue, the ex-jockey, who up to very recently had charge of Beard's string of thoroughbreds, is one of McAuliffe's most enthusiastic admirers.

**Harry Weldon, of Cincinnati, is responsible for the story that Corbett has resolved to identify himself prominently with the game of baseball next season. He says:—**

"If a certain deal goes through he will not only be in the game, but in the very fastest and highest baseball organization in America. In short, Corbett is very likely to be a League player. At the present time negotiations are in progress that may result in the champion pugilist of the world owning a half interest in one of the clubs at present in the League. Negotiations have gone so far that Manager Brady, on behalf of Champion Corbett, has made a bid for a half interest in this club. If it is accepted Corbett himself will play first base on the team and his brother Joe will be one of the pitchers. Manager Brady will take charge of the financial part of the business and will the team something like a circus. It is not known how the other League magnates will take to the champion pugilist as a shining light in the baseball world. It may be that the club in question will refuse the offer. If it does the matter will end. One thing is sure, and that is that such an offer has been made and is now being considered by a club that last season stood very low in the championship race."

I am rather inclined to believe that Corbett's induction into the National game will not be regarded with much favor by the League magnates. The latter are a conservative lot rather hampered to the idea that the professions of baseball and pugilism should remain separate and distinct. They look upon baseball as a somewhat high class entertainment and believe that the introduction of a pugilistic connection would be more hurtful than beneficial.

**Sam Fitzpatrick, usually shrewd, clever and conservative in his matchmaking, seems to have for once overestimated the pugilistic skill of Kid Lavigne. The latter is matched to fight Joe Walcott, on December 2, at Maspeth, L. I., under the following conditions: Fifteen rounds at 135 pounds, weight at the ring-side, O'Rourke betting \$1,000 against \$500 that Walcott stops Lavigne before the stipulated number of rounds have been fought, and forfeits \$500 if his man is not at weight. Lavigne to win must be upon his feet at the termination of the bout.**

In talking the match over with those who are most interested I am satisfied that Lavigne has no notion of his ability to beat O'Rourke's freak, but he reasons that he can withstand the latter's cyclone in rashes and punches for fifteen rounds without succumbing to what would be the inevitable outcome of a finish encounter. Lavigne is not the man to submit calmly to a punching without making some effort himself, and under pressure he is liable to lose sight of the fact that his line of action is on the defensive and start in to mix it up, a proceeding that may lead to fatal results.

Much depends upon the weight question. Fitzpatrick had in mind the punishment that Walcott would have to undergo to be 135 pounds and at the ring-side his weakened condition would very nearly equalize the difference in other respects. Lavigne at 135 pounds is as strong as a young bull, and able to bother a lot of men heavier than himself. Fitzpatrick thinks O'Rourke's play is to come into the ring overweight agreeing to forfeit rather than chance a possible defeat by his man being weak and unable to extend himself, but O'Rourke smiles significantly when this argument is used, and says Walcott can fool a lot of people about his weight. At any rate he wants to bet a barrel of money on his man at the same odds he bet Fitzpatrick, which with O'Rourke means that he thinks he has a better than a one to two chance of winning.

Whatever may be the outcome of it, the fight will be a corker while it lasts.

**"Corbett is acting foolishly," said John L. Sullivan, "and he hasn't got the guts on his shoulders that some people give him credit for. If he wants to retire, why don't he give it out openly that he is out of it for good, and then let Maher, Slavin and the rest of them fight for the championship belt, instead of donating it to Maher. He thought he was going to make a hit by presenting the belt, and he has made a mistake. I tell you that neither he nor Fitz will make a dollar in this country until they get together and fight it out. Now, just mark my words."**

And John knows what he is talking about. Ex-champions don't cut much of a figure nowadays as stage attractions.

**Pugilistic affairs seem to be attracting a lot of attention from the guardians of peace and good morals of cultured Boston. When the courts settled the Walcott-O'Brien case recently it looked for a time as if fistic affairs would flourish there this winter. Negotiations were begun for several matches and a couple of new clubs were organized for the purpose of "promoting" the game; but just when everything was about ready for things to "open up" a quiet tip went out to do nothing for a while and action was suspended.**

Now it transpires that even the amateurs are under the ban. Heretofore the tournaments given under the auspices of the Boston Athletic Association have been free from police espionage. They have been run in a go-as-you-please sort of a way for the reason that the organization represented the highest social, political and professional element in the State. The inconsistency of allowing the amateurs to go while the opposition to professionals exists as strongly as it does at present, has urged the authorities to suggest to the Athletic Club the advisability of postponing its annual tournaments until things are straightened out, and this has accordingly been done.

Philadelphia, however, is going ahead with its characteristic slowness, an occasional boxing show is permitted, but it will be many a long day before the wide-open-and-shut condition of affairs exists again.

New Orleans is getting in line again, however. The Olympic Club has re-opened its doors, and the Zeigler-Everhart bout recently held attracted no official attention. The Club people are sanguine that everything is all right again else they would not have made an attempt to get Maher and Fitzsimmons to go on for fifteen rounds. This offer which, by the way, came through the POLICE GAZETTE, was bona fide and sincere.

The private club game is flourishing in New York. The Manhattan and New York Athletic Clubs held monthly entertainments patterned after the same type that characterized the exhibitions given

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under the auspices of the California and New Orleans clubs long, long ago. Admission is limited at these affairs to members and a few guests who pay seemingly exorbitant rates for the privilege of witnessing the bouts, but what is really not exorbitant when the character of the entertainment is taken into consideration. The rag-tag element is eliminated and a quiet, orderly gathering is the result. This is as it should be. It is the cheap public entertainments that the authorities all over the country seem determined to put an end to, and from present observations I can hardly say that I blame them.

**What an effort some men do make to keep in the public eye. Take Dan Stuart, of Texas, for instance. Stuart is a good fellow, whole-souled, generous and popular, a man whose word stands for every dollar of his fortune, with a reputation for honesty and fair dealing that has never been questioned; and yet this man seems ready and willing to sacrifice everything to retain the cheap sensational notoriety acquired through his connection with the recent fistic fracas.**

He has chased the phantom so long and persistently now that he seems to hunger for public fame. To project a battle between Corbett and Fitzsimmons seems to be the sole aim and ambition of his future. The subject has become a mild type of mania with him, but he has carried the matter to such extremes now that even his staunchest adherents are beginning to smile and ridicule his endeavor.

It is too bad that Stuart cannot see what everybody else does, that Fitzsimmons wouldn't fight Corbett for a train load of virgin gold to say nothing of the paltry \$10,000 that the Texan projector is disposed to offer.

Stuart says he has at last found a place where the fight can be paled off without interference, and that he is coming to New York in a week or two to either force Corbett to sign articles of agreement to meet the Australian or else declare himself out of the game. If Stuart is wise he will just dodge one trip to the metropolis, for there isn't any more chance of bringing this thing to a focus now than there was one year ago, and—ah, probably Stuart hasn't heard that Corbett has retired!

SAM AUSTIN.

## HAS GRIFFO JUMPED HIS BAIL?

Preferred Flight to Prison, and Reported to be

On His Way to Australia.

In New York sporting circles the principal topic of conversation for the past few days was to the effect that Young Griffon, the well-known Australian lightweight pugilist, who has gained a great reputation in this country as a clever fighter, had skipped his bond of \$5,000, under which he was held to answer for an indecent assault.

Griffon left New York ostensibly to go to Philadelphia and Baltimore, to participate in boxing exhibitions, but recently was heard from in Chicago, and it is thought that he is making his way toward the Pacific Coast and out of the country.

The cause of Griffon's sudden journey toward the point whence Australian steamers sail is said to be a tip sent to him while in Baltimore that the boy whom he assaulted had been brought back to Brooklyn from Canada by his father for the purpose of testifying against Griffon when the case is called.

This news came like a thunderbolt to the pugilist and his manager, as the boy had been sent to Canada some time ago so as not to be reached by the authorities when the case should come up for trial. His return had been kept very quiet, but some friend of the pugilist succeeded in gaining the information and warning him.

The crime with which Griffon is charged is still fresh in the minds of the public. After it was committed the Australian was placed in jail, and matters looked exceedingly gloomy for him. Hugh Behan, his manager, succeeded in effecting his release on bail, but the surety was soon discovered to be a "straw bond," and the pugilist was again incarcerated.

While he was in jail for the second time, Behan, assisted by several well-known local sporting men, induced a prominent ex-Senator of Brooklyn to interest himself in the case. They succeeded and Liquor Dealer Curley was persuaded to sign a \$5,000 bond for the fighter. It was agreed when Curley furnished the bond that he was to be paid \$750 by Behan and Griffon out of the receipts from the first fight in which the latter should take part. This battle was the ten-round bout before the New Manhattan Athletic Club with George Dixon. Just prior to the fight, however, Behan and Griffon confessed judgment in favor of Martin Dowling for \$5,000. Behan made an effort to induce Dowling to swear that the amount was due him, but the latter refused, as his claim against Griffon and his manager was only \$3,500. It was finally agreed that the Griffon end of the purse should be divided between Curley, Dowling and the parties who had secured the first release. Curley took \$500 of the amount received and Behan the remainder, the latter at once leaving with Griffon for Philadelphia, promising to remit to debtors in this city the receipts at both the Quaker City and Baltimore bouts.

This Behan failed to do, but left for the West with Griffon and what money he received at the two cities. The impression is that neither Behan nor Griffon will return East.

## FRED MILLER ON HIS TRAVELS.

The "Police Gazette" Tramp and His Dog Guess.

Fred Miller, holder of the championship belt and medal of the POLICE GAZETTE for the long-distance walking championship of Minneapolis, Minn. With him was his dog Guess, who is his constant friend and traveled during all his journeys. Since the 26th of June, 1895, Miller has walked 10,315 miles, starting on all occasions from the POLICE GAZETTE office. His sole support is derived from the sale of his photographs and what he can earn by exhibiting in museums.

He is attired in a sweater emblematic of the paper which he advertises, and his dog is covered with a small blanket containing the same lettering as Miller's sweater.

He walked from New York to Minneapolis, and is at the Palace Museum this week. He will participate in the six-day race which is to start here on the 24th inst.

## PUGILISTIC SMALL TALK.

Maxey Moore will resume his position as official referee of the New York A. C. boxing bouts.

Leslie Pearce says that the report that he was defeated by Jerome Quigley at Sea Isle, on Nov. 11, does him an injustice. The bout ended in a draw.

Danny McBride says he can secure backing for \$800 or \$1,000 to meet Jack Downey in a limited-round contest before the Empire Athletic Club, or to finish with small gloves at 134 pounds.

Al Herford, of Baltimore, has arranged a twenty-five round bout between Joe Gano and George Biddon as the star attraction of the next show of the Eureka Athletic Club, of Baltimore.

In the list of expenses of the Florida Athletic Club, there is no reference to the \$2,500 forfeit money alleged to have been paid to Corbett. Mr. Vendig should insert that item with all possible speed.

Jim Lovin, the champion lightweight of West Virginia, has been matched to fight Jack Dougherty for a purse of \$500 and \$250 a side. The contest is to be decided next month in the Olympic Athletic Club's arena, Philadelphia.

Charley Barnett, of New York, and Jack Collier, of Far Rockaway, have been matched for eight rounds at 140 pounds, at the second monthly boxing show of the National Athletic Club, Brooklyn, on Saturday evening, Nov. 30.

Horace Leeds is now being managed by Captain Grier, who for a time looked after the interests of Bob Fitzsimmons. Leeds is out with a challenge to fight. He wants a 133-pound man and does not seem particular who it is so long as he gets an opportunity to battle.

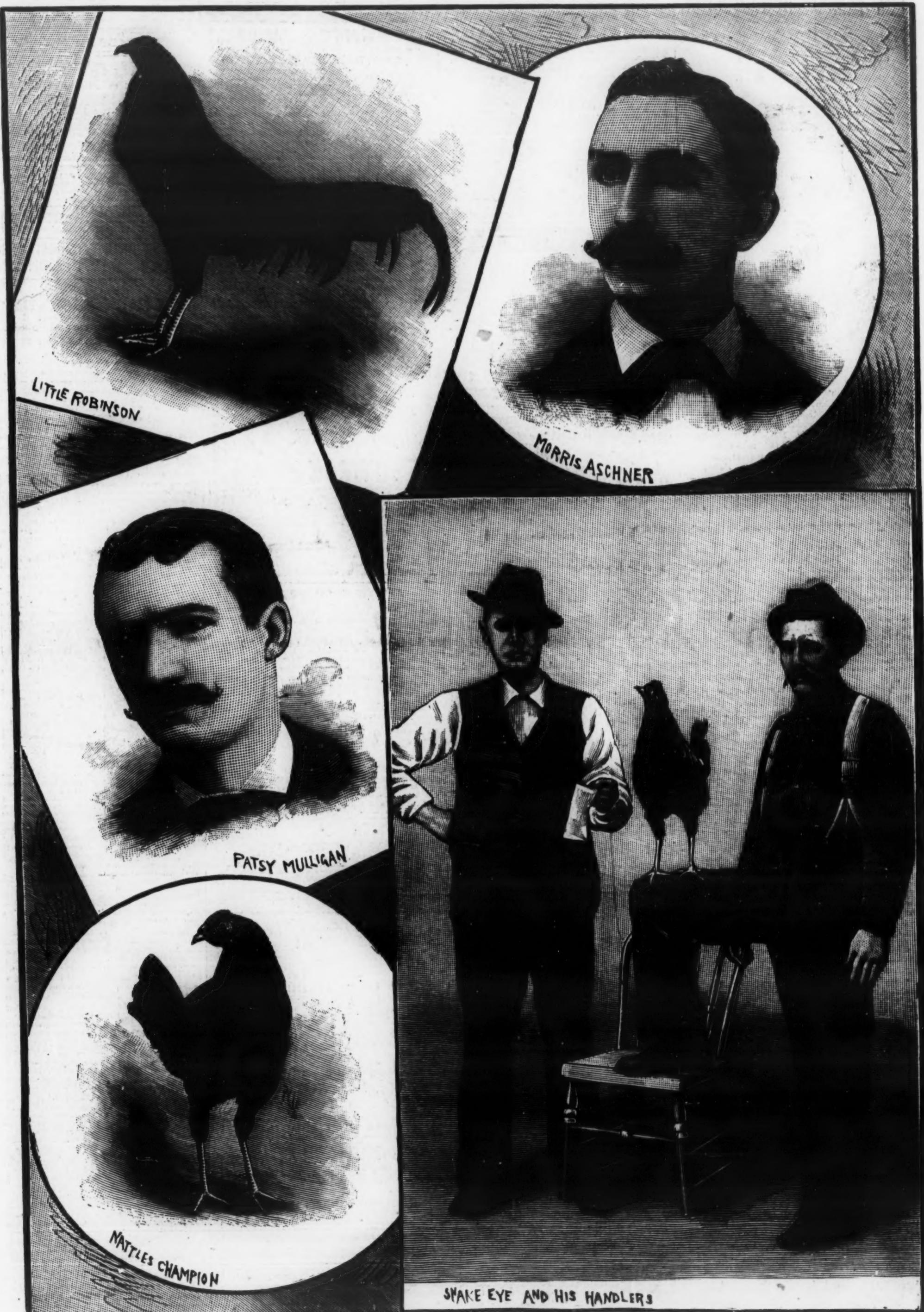
If Billy Ernst is successful in defeating Bull McCarthy, of Philadelphia, in their eight-round contest at the Kings County Athletic Club's arena, Philadelphia, on Saturday evening, Nov. 30, he will be matched to meet

Stanton Abbott for a similar number of rounds by the Long Island



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More Made  
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We positively guarantee it to cure all forms of Nervous Debility, Impotency, Spermatorrhea, Night Emissions, Shrunken Parts, Nervousness, Forgetfulness, Confusion of Ideas, Languor, Dyspepsia, Lameness, Back, Rheumatism, Kidney and Bladder Complaint, and the many evils resulting from secret habits in youth or passionate excesses in maturer years, we wish to say that the marvelous invention of Dr. Sanden is an absolutely positive cure. It has cured thousands every year after all known medicines and other treatments have failed. The fact is that **Medicines Never Have Nor Never Will** cure these troubles, as you well know if you are a sufferer and have tried them. **Electricity**—which is nerve force—is the element that was drained from the system, and to cure it **Must Be Replaced**. We guarantee our patent improved Electric Suspensory to **Enlarge Shrunken or Undeveloped Organs**, or no pay. In short, we faithfully promise to give every buyer the crowning triumph in medico-electrical science, and have placed the price within the means of every sufferer. A pocket edition of Dr. Sanden's celebrated medical work, "Three Classes of Men," illustrated, is sent free, sealed, by mail upon application. Every young, middle-aged or old man suffering the slightest weakness should read it. It will point out an easy, sure and speedy way to regain strength and health when everything else has failed. It is sent **Sealed**, free, upon application to office nearest to you.

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## MEDICAL.

**I MAKE MAN.**

ing Sensations, Nervous twitching of the eyes and other parts.

Strengthens, invigorates and tones the entire system. Hudyan cures Debility, Nervousness, Emissions, and develops and restores weak organs. Palms in the back, losses by day or night stopped quickly. Over 2,000 private endorsements.

Pre-maturity means im-

potency in the first stage. It is a symptom of seminal weakness and barrenness. It can be stopped in 20 days by the use of Hudyan.

The new discovery was made by the Specialists of the old famous Hudson Medical Institute. It is the strongest vitalizer made. It is very powerful, but harmless. Learn the grand truth of health, make yourself a man again by using the Californian remedy. You can only get it from the Hudson Medical Institute. Write for free circulars. Send for testimonials and write for free.

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**ARE YOU SEXUALLY WEAK?**

If so, I will send you the receipt (sealed, free) of a simple home remedy which cured me of the results of self abuse in early youth and sexual excess in later years. This is a sure cure for extreme nervousness, Night Losses, Small, Weak and Shrunken Sexual Organs, etc., in Young or Old. Write to-day, enclosing stamp. Address THOMAS SLATER, Box 950, Kalamazoo, Mich.

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for Lost Manhood, Weakness, Nervous Debility and Seminal Impotency. Results of Errors of Youth, Blood Poison, Diseases of Kidneys, Bladder and other organs. Medicine \$1. Advice and valuable medical book, sealed free. Address DR. GRINDLE, 171 West 12th St., N. Y.

**FREE!**

I WILL SEND (SEALED) free, a receipt that will develop Small Shrunken Parts, which

cured me of Self-Abuse, Nightly Emissions, etc. Address C. H. MULLER, Box 901, Kalamazoo, Mich.

**MEN TRY MY SURE CURE**

for Emissions, Shrunken Organs, Varicose Veins, etc. The receipt that has made hundreds happy. Improve-

ment begins at once. Recipe sent sans and confidentially. Address O. K. TUPPER, Box 589, Marshall, Mich.

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Enough medicine to last 10 days, a surecure for Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, Wasting, etc. Address with 10c. for postage, C. S. HAWKS, Box 18, Rochester, N. Y.

**MY ELECTRIC BELT sent on trial**

DR. JUDD, Detroit, Mich. Want ads. FREE

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DISEASES arising from indiscretion, Ex-

cessive drinking, over indulgence, pro-

ducing Nervous Debility, Night Losses, Drains and

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ness of **Despondency, Unfitness to Marry, Melan-**

**choly, Dyspepsia, Palms in the Back, Varicocele, Stric-**

**ture, Atrophy, and, in fact, all Blood, Skin and**

**Urinary complaints, OF** such as Gonorrhoea,

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**physicians have already saved thousands** from death and the madhouse. Drains stopped.

Consultation and Advice free at our office. If you cannot call we will

send you list of 58 questions free. **Men.** You can be cured if you come to us.

**BY YOUR OWN PHYSICIAN.**

Send for a sealed package of 60 of our Famous

**Nervous Debility Pills.** Warranted to cure

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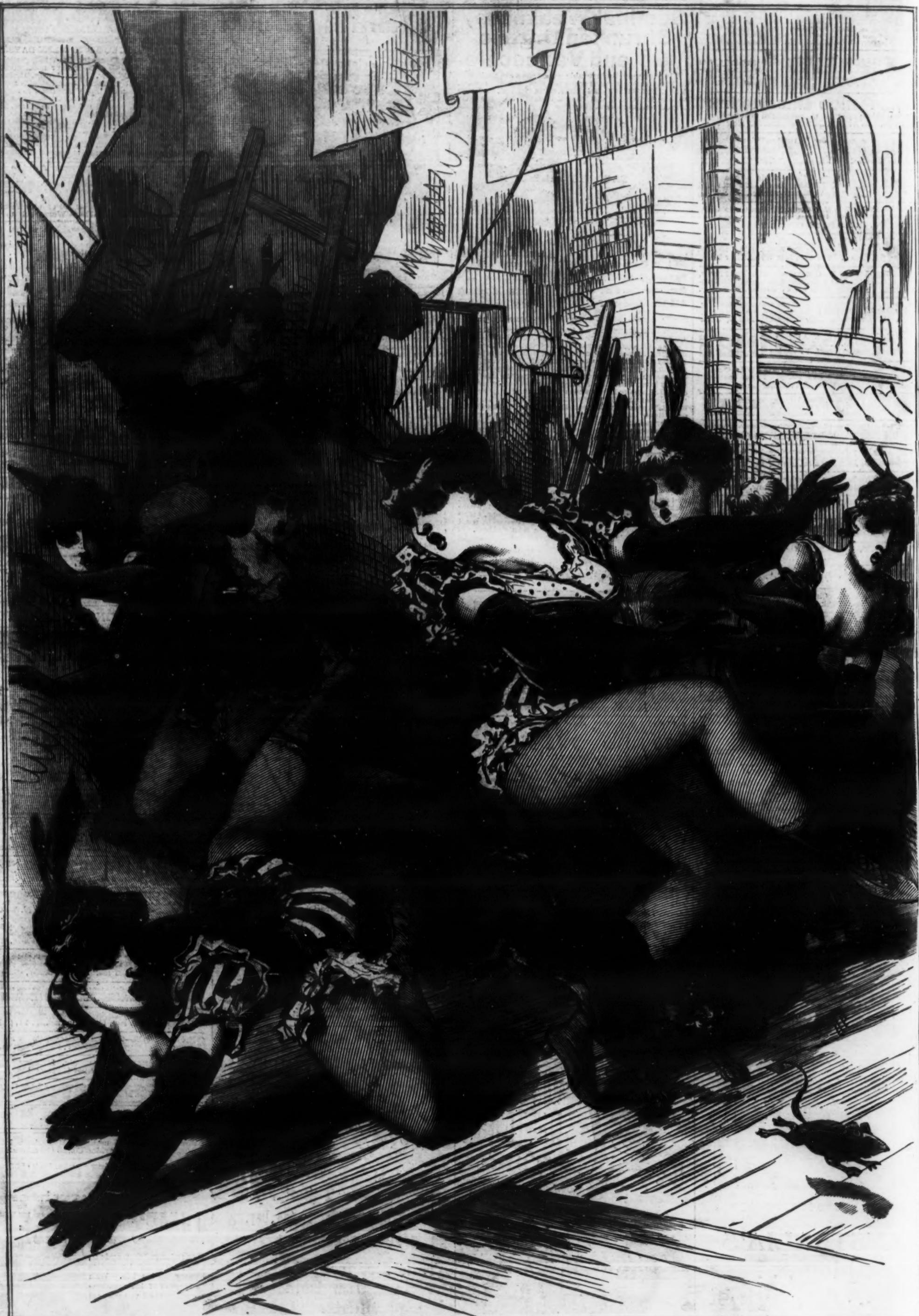
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**Pills Do the Work. Success Sure.**

**THE MODEST TRUTH**

Plainly told without promise of something

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LBJe22

IT WAS ONLY A MOUSE!

BUT IT HAD THE USUAL EFFECT OF SCARING THE MEMBERS OF "THE BLOOMER SPRING COMPANY" HALF OUT OF THEIR WITS AT BRIDGEPORT, CONN.



## PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

## A Seventeen-year-old Girl Assaulted in a Baltimore Hotel.

## FOUND IN A WRETCHED STATE

## An Eloping Young Couple who Go to Happiness via a Milk Train.

## THEY WERE VERY YOUNG TO MARRY.

It seems that the height of refined cruelty has been reached in the monumental city of Baltimore, Md. A few days ago Policeman Billmire, while patrolling his beat, heard groans coming from a miserable, wretched shanty, the occupants of which do not bear the best of reputations. The officer forced his way into the house, amid the protestations of the inmates, and making his way to the dismal, dingy, ill-smelling garret, found, huddled in one corner, moaning and apparently recovering from a stupor, a rather good looking young girl of 17 years. He at once summoned assistance, and had the sufferer taken to the hospital, where Dr. Cox, the house surgeon, concluded she was suffering from opium poisoning. The girl gave her name as Louise Robinson, and said she had been decoyed from Washington by a strange man, who gave her something to drink that made her sleepy as soon as she left the train. She said she remembered nothing more until she was restored to consciousness.

The inmates of the shanty declared that they had no idea how she got there. The girl was nearly starved, and had apparently been for several days in the old garret without food.

The girl says that after having been in the garret all of one night with the unknown man, she begged him to kill her, as she was afraid to return home after what had happened. He refused at first, but she continued to plead with him and he finally went out and procured a dark-looking liquid that he told her would bring a speedy and painless death. She took the liquid and soon lost consciousness.

A milk train is not an ideal mode of conveyance for a bridal couple, but it seems to have been good enough for Frank Reed Needham, son of Charles W. Needham, a lawyer of Washington, D. C., and Daisy Girard Fadely, the eighteen-year-old daughter of an old Virginia family living at Peorian Springs, who eloped a few days ago. Needham, who is twenty years old and a student, was a guest of the young lady's family. The couple left on a milk train at 4 o'clock in the morning, and were married at Towson, the Gretta Green of Maryland. The young man's father takes the matter easily, but the young lady's family have not yet been heard from.

When application was made for a license in Baltimore it was refused on account of the youthful appearance of the couple, but no trouble was experienced in getting a license in Towson, which is the county seat of Baltimore county.

The bride, who is a brUNETTE, is said to be pretty and accomplished. She is the daughter of a wealthy and well-known family. Frank R. Needham is the son of a rich man who has an office in Chicago as well as Washington.

The newly wedded pair went to Baltimore and registered at the Hotel Rennert to await news from their homes.

Charles Moe, of Chicago, beside being a rather despicable character, in that he permitted a woman to support him with the earnings of her shame, is a man with a peculiarly morbid and tragic temperament. Because he was so, when he came to the conclusion that the best thing he could do was to kill his mistress, he did not take the usual knife, hatchet, pistol or bludgeon, but waited patiently until she fell asleep in their room at 13 South Clark street. Then he got a rope and throwing one end over a gas jet placed the noose around the woman's neck while she was asleep in bed. He then pulled the rope, swinging the woman off the bed into the air. Securing the rope to the leg of the bed he watched the convulsions of his victim as she slowly strangled.

When the struggles ceased the murderer stretched himself on the bed and went to sleep. He was arrested by the police later and jailed. Moe had attempted to kill the woman three weeks ago because she did not earn enough money to keep him intoxicated all the time.

With his brains dashed out with a hatchet and his face and body fearfully mangled with a club, the body of Henry Leonard, an old soldier of fifty-two years and a prominent Wichita, Kansas, furniture dealer, was found in an alley in the heart of that city at 6 o'clock one morning recently.

The murderer or murderers dragged the body two blocks through the alley to throw it into a sewer, but were unable to remove the cap from the manhole and being evidently frightened away deserted the corpse.

The police heard that Leonard was seen going into the home of his mistress, Irene Williamson, on the previous night. They went there and found her scraping human blood from the carpet with a case-knife.

She and her nineteen-year-old son, Norville, were

arrested and placed in the county jail, where the woman confessed that her divorced husband, Marion Williamson, found Leonard in her house at ten o'clock the previous night, and murdered him with an iron bar.

After the murder she alleged that Williamson sat by the bed until after midnight and then dragged the body into the alley.

Williamson was arrested and while he proved a strong alibi he is still kept in jail for a hearing.

The authorities believe that Mrs. Williamson and her son killed Leonard for the \$3,000 life insurance she had three weeks ago induced him to have made payable to her. He also wanted to marry her at that time, but could not do so legally, as she had not been divorced.

A further examination of the house was made and a lot of clothing, including the woman's apron and her son's vest, deeply stained with blood, were found in the stove with kindling wood under them. She had evidently forgotten to apply the match.

The public were wrought up to a high pitch of excitement over the details of the murder, which are unusually shocking, but no attempt was made at lynching.

Mrs. Williamson is thirty-five years old, pretty and bright, although uneducated. Mr. Leonard was completely infatuated with her, and she held him under a spell that he could not resist.

Mrs. Ellen Amos, a widow, aged 41 years, lives with her 18-year-old daughter, Alice, and a 16-year-old son, William, at Cherry Fork, W. Va. A few mornings ago two negroes, one named Simcoe, the other one unknown to Mrs. Amos, called at her home

## WERE DIVORCED IN HASTE

## But Mr. and Mrs. Perry Repented and Married Again.

## JOINED IN MEMPHIS, TENN.

## Here is a Romance in Real Life which Began in the Hoosier State.

## SHE THOUGHT HE WAS UNTRUE.

Three years ago Robert Perry left his wife and two daughters in Decatur, Ind., and went down to Mississippi to try to make a fortune in the lumber business. Perry was rather tired of his wife and two daughters, and his letters to them were brief and rare.

"Mrs. Perry sitting at home in Decatur grew disgusted with this treatment and wrote her husband many sharp letters. He answered briefly and "gave her as good as she sent." She also heard in some indirect way that Perry was losing all his money, and naturally this added to her disgust. The letters between the two grew rapidly bitter, and

soon matters had reached such a stage that Mrs. Perry sent an ultimatum. "You must come home at once," she said, "or I shall get a divorce."

Perry is not the man to take a bluff. So he wrote back: "I suppose you know where the court house is? If you don't, why, hire a lawyer and he will arrange everything for you."

Mrs. Perry wasted no time. As soon as she read the letter she began proceedings for divorce on the ground of desertion. And presently she was a free woman. She wrote Perry that he no longer had a family, and was free to keep on his mad course to financial ruin.

Perry was at once alarmed. He began to think about his pretty young daughters and his wife, who used to be so devoted, and of whom he used to think so much. So he wrote a very diplomatic letter.

"What is done cannot be undone," he said. "And I am sorry things have turned out this way. You are mistaken about my ruining myself. I am getting rich very fast."

When this letter reached Mrs. Perry she began to realize that she had made a mistake. So she wrote a diplomatic letter, telling him about his daughters, reproaching him with his ill-treatment, and regretting that his folly had made her do what she did, especially as it could only be undone by doing a very ridiculous thing—remarrying. To this Mr. Perry replied that while it would be ridiculous, that would not matter, because they would live in Mississippi, where none would know it.

And so they engaged to meet in Memphis, Tenn., in a few days. They arrived, the one from the North, the other from the South, and kissed and made up in the railway station. They decided to marry the next day. But Mrs. Perry recalled that when they were married the first time it had been on a Friday. Of course that was the cause of their ill-luck.

They saw Squire Davis and got him to agree to sit up until after midnight Friday. In the first minute of Saturday morning they and their two daughters appeared at the office, and before Saturday morning was fifteen minutes old, they were married again. Saturday afternoon they took a train for Mississippi to seek a new home and new friends. And they hope that their new friends will never know of the absurd little episode in their otherwise proper and orderly lives.

## JAMES CURTIS.

## [WITH PORTRAIT.]

There came to the POLICE GAZETTE office last week from Yokohama, Japan, some beautifully embroidered

silk handkerchiefs in the American colors, and a most finely executed water color portrait on silk of James Curtis. The work, which is not among the artistic possibilities of this country, was executed by a Japanese artist, and in coloring and detail was without equal. In the letter which came by the same steamship, Mr. Curtis says he is well acquainted with the sports of the far East, but complains of the lack of sporting materials in Japan, for which there seems to be a demand. He says there is a fortune waiting for the man who will introduce nickel in the slot machines and cash registers. He says he is quite sure he could handle those articles very profitably. It seems that Mr. Curtis would be a very good man for the manufacturers of these articles to communicate with. His address is No. 156 Honnura Road, Yokohama.

## WILLIAM BECKER.

## [WITH PORTRAIT.]

The accompanying portrait is that of William Becker, Troop I, 2d Cavalry, U. S. A., and champion feather-weight of the army. He is willing to meet any man of his class in the army in a glove contest of from three to fifteen rounds or to a finish, Queensberry rules. Becker, who is a phenomenally stiff puncher as well as a very shifty fighter, has never been defeated by a man in his class and will receive substantial bucking from his many admirers.

## EUNICE VANCE.

## [WITH PORTRAIT.]

The name of Eunice Vance is a very familiar one to the theatre-goers of both Europe and America. In this country Miss Vance is very much of a favorite, and to Tony Pastor belongs the credit of having introduced her in his New York theatre.

## FRED WALDMANN.

## [WITH PORTRAIT.]

Fred Waldmann, whose picture is presented this week, is undoubtedly one of the youngest theatrical managers in this country, having been born at Newark, N. J., Sept. 30, 1867. He has always resided at Newark, and is a graduate of the Green Street German, English School, and also of the New Jersey Business College. He is a bright, shrewd manager, a charming conversationalist, and, as a business man, possesses great executive ability, as is shown by the fact that since he assumed the management of the Newark Opera House, upon the death of his father, in 1888, the theatre has grown steadily in popularity, and the standard of performances has been materially improved. He is a Free Mason, a member of the Newark Lodge of Elks, and, although he seldom appears on the floor of the lodge, he takes a keen interest in all matters pertaining to its welfare, and was also recently made an honorary member of Lincoln Post Drum and Fifes Corps and of the Theatrical Mechanics Association. During the summer of 1889 he made his first trip to Europe, and since then has made four extensive tours of continental Europe and the British Isles, where he engaged novelties for his road company. In 1891 Mr. Waldmann married Jessie Hall of Dayton, Ohio.

## STOPPED AN ELOPEMENT.

## [SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There was an exciting time recently at Fisherville, Ky., when the morning train arrived, bound for Louisville. As the train slowed up an elderly man hurriedly boarded it, and entering the rear coach seized a girl who was seated in the forward end with three young men. He dragged her to the door against the feeble protests of her companions, all of whom seemed afraid to interfere. As the man reached the platform of the car the train started, and gathering the reluctant girl in his arms he stepped off, falling with her underneath. She seemed to be hurt. The conductor stopped the car and several men, including the three above mentioned, crowded to the front of the car. Any disposition to interfere was quickly checked by a demonstration which left no doubt of the man's determination to shoot if necessary in carrying out his purpose. So the train pulled out leaving the elderly man in possession of the girl on the platform, while three young men, crestfallen and shaken, continued their journey.

Naturally the passengers were curious for an explanation of the strange proceedings, and inquiries brought out the following story:

The elderly man and the girl in the case were Henry Pulliam and his daughter Mary, of Spencer county, Kentucky. The other principals were J. W. Dugan, of Nelson county, and two companions whose names were not learned. The girl is apparently about seventeen and attractive. Dugan is her lover, and is probably twenty-five years of age. The night before, aided by two friends, he stole her from home and drove to Fisherville, where the party took the train. The father of the girl discovered the elopement, and, guessing the intentions, cut across the country to Fisherville, and interrupted the party.

"Life and Battles of Robert Fitzsimmons," just published, sent to any address, on receipt of 25 cents, by Richard K. Fox, publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

## REVENGE FOR HER RUIN.

## [SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Bertha Jolly, a fourteen-year-old French girl of New Orleans, La., took a terrible revenge on Louis Gann. The two were engaged in an animated conversation on a prominent residence street, when suddenly the girl was seen to raise her hand above her head and dash the contents of a vial in the man's face. The liquid ran down his cheek. He staggered back a few steps shrieking with pain. He was assisted to a neighboring drug store, where he was attended by a physician. His cheek is frightfully swollen, but strange to say it is not thought he will lose the sight of his eye. The girl was arrested, charged with throwing muriatic acid in Gann's face. She had been ruined by the man under promise of marriage. Having failed to right the wrong she had him arrested, and he was out on bond pending trial. Learning that Gann had openly boasted that he would escape punishment she purchased the acid and took the law into her own hands.

## Real Frenchy.

Pauline's Caprice, By Emile Zola, the famous French author. No. 5 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES, with 96 original and plangent illustrations. Sent by mail, securely wrapped, to any address, on receipt of price, 50 cents. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, The Fox Building, Franklin Square, New York.



Traced By Her Moans to the Garret.

and asked for bread. Then one of the visitors attacked the daughter and dragged her into a rear room. Her screams brought her mother to her rescue, when she was set upon by the other negro, choked into insensibility and assaulted. When the mother came to she found her daughter lying in the room where the second negro had assaulted her, in an insensible condition. She had been struck and choked, and the attending physician says she is in a precarious condition. The son, who was out on the farm at the time of the occurrence, soon arrived at the house, learned what had occurred, and at once aroused the neighbors, who are in pursuit of the negroes.

Mrs. Amos and family are among the best people on Cherry Fork.

## GEO. WHISTLER.

## [WITH PORTRAIT.]

Every aquatic specialist knows George Whistler, but for the benefit of those who are not up in aquatic matters we will say that Whistler was born at San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 11th, 1869. His daring feats in the water would fill several books. He first made the attempt at walking on the water at the world famous Woodward's Garden at San Francisco, Cal. Since that time he has walked on every river and bay in America. His long walks down the mighty Mississippi river and the East river, N. Y., caused a sensation, and he is now under contract to make a walk on his patent marine shoes through Hell Gate next summer. He is an all-round athlete and for years has held the championship in the lightweight wrestling. Mr. Richard K. Fox presented him with a valuable gold medal for his daring strength.

When the struggles ceased the murderer stretched himself on the bed and went to sleep. He was arrested by the police later and jailed. Moe had attempted to kill the woman three weeks ago because she did not earn enough money to keep him intoxicated all the time.

With his brains dashed out with a hatchet and his face and body fearfully mangled with a club, the body of Henry Leonard, an old soldier of fifty-two years and a prominent Wichita, Kansas, furniture dealer, was found in an alley in the heart of that city at 6 o'clock one morning recently.

The murderer or murderers dragged the body two blocks through the alley to throw it into a sewer, but were unable to remove the cap from the manhole and being evidently frightened away deserted the corpse.

The police heard that Leonard was seen going into the home of his mistress, Irene Williamson, on the previous night. They went there and found her scraping human

blood from the carpet with a case-knife.

She and her nineteen-year-old son, Norville, were



EUNICE VANCE.

KNOWN ON TWO CONTINENTS AS A PARTICULARLY BRILLIANT AND TALENTED LITTLE ARTISTE.



FOUND OPIUM IN HER SLEEVES.

MRS. MORRISON CAUGHT AT PORT TOWNSEND, WASH., TRYING TO BEAT THE CUSTOMS OFFICERS.

110aS 162129



DRAGGED HER OUT OF BED.

HEZEKIAH HOOVER, OF PLEASANT TOWNSHIP, IND., TAKES HIS DAUGHTER FROM HER HUSBAND.

## WAS A WINDOW ELOPEMENT

Rosie Hajanka and Charles Miller  
Had to Get Out Quickly.

## LAUGHED AT LOCKSMITHS.

But She was Sorry for It Afterwards and  
Went Home to Her Papa.

## HAS HAD ENOUGH OF MARRIED LIFE.

An elopement combining romantic and sensational details with a finale in a police court has been disposed of by Justice J. Lott Nostrand in the gravest court, when Peter Hajanka, 70 years old, Park Avenue M, near East North street, Lawndale, large near Parkville, L. I., was discharged from duty.

Mr. Hajanka has a pretty daughter just 20 who is a pronounced blonde, the organist of a and an expert bicyclist. She is known to members of the League of American Girls, Rosie Hajanka. She is passionately fond of him and practically lived on him when the couple parted.

About a year ago Miss Hajanka met Mr. Miller, who is 38 years old, and who lives in his father's home, and is a horse trainer formerly in the employ of the well-known Mosher. An acquaintance was begun which led to love, and shortly thereafter much difficulty and without the consent of parents.

When Mr. Hajanka discovered Mr. Miller's intentions to his daughter he placed every obstacle in his way and forbade his daughter either Miller or having any communication with him. This irritated Mr. Miller and only had the effect of making the girl stubborn and determined to see her lover.

It was finally arranged between the couple that they should elope. As the sun was setting Miss Hajanka stepped to her bed-room window and motioned to Mr. Miller who was waiting beneath.

Mr. Miller at first intended to aid his affiancee to elope by means of a ladder, which he had handy, but Miss Hajanka had left the front door open to make easy his entrance to the house, and it took but an instant for her to announce that the coast was clear, and have him by her side, assisting her in packing a hastily gathered trousseau.

The couple were surprised by an irate father, who had a heavy cane in his hand, evidently intending to give Mr. Miller a thrashing for his intrusion. As Mr. Hajanka approached Mr. Miller, the latter picked up Miss Hajanka's satchel, threw it out of the window, leaped to the sill and let himself down the outside of the house with the nimbleness of a monkey.

Mr. Hajanka, it is claimed, made his daughter a prisoner by locking her in her room. This made the girl's eyes snap with fire and determination, and before her aged father could get downstairs she had a long rope tied with one end to her bedpost and the other end dangling on the ground outside of her window, and in less time than it takes to tell the story she was beside her lover and in a buggy behind a fast horse, which drove them in quick time to Brooklyn.

The couple went direct to the parsonage of the Park Avenue Primitive Methodist Church, Park avenue, near Canton street, where they were married by the Rev. Mr. Spencer. The marriage was kept secret until a few days ago, when Mr. Hajanka received the following letter:

DEAR SIR—I thought I would write a few lines to let you know that your daughter is married to me. I hope you will keep this news to yourself until I see you. This might surprise you, but don't worry; I will give her a good home.

If you doubt my word go to the Rev. Mr. Spencer, pastor of the Park Avenue P. M. Church, Brooklyn. He says that if you will be on good terms with her she will help you, as ever. Hoping you will. Yours respectfully,

CHARLES MILLER.

Two days after the receipt of this letter Mrs. Miller returned to her father's home, and according to her husband's statement to Chief Clerk Williamson of Judge Nostrand's police court was locked in her room and threatened for her disobedience. Mr. Miller claimed that he called at the house to see his bride and was refused an interview.

He then called at the Coney Island Police Court and asked for the issuance of a warrant for the arrest of the girl's father for restraining her of her liberty, and robbing him of his wife.

Chief Clerk Williamson issued a summons, and upon the girl's own statement Justice Nostrand dismissed the complaint.

The girl says that she returned home voluntarily, had repented of her folly and, contrary to being imprisoned, had received the kindest sort of treatment from her parents.

## SHE WAS A "PEACH OF A GIRL."

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

C. F. Winkemeyer, millionaire, of Brooklyn, is at the present time in a very uncomfortable frame of mind. Most of his trouble was brought to a climax by the attempt at suicide recently made in the vestibule of his mansion by Minnie Arnett, a young woman whom he had lavished a lot of money, and considerable affection, and for whom he had furnished a magnificent house in the heart of the city of Baltimore, Md. There is every reason to believe that Minnie has a very large past, and that the story of her life, if published, would make a good many people uncomfortable to say the least. Previous to her attempt at suicide she called

on the Brooklyn millionaire about 10:30 o'clock in the evening. He was deeply interested in a game of poker. At first she was refused admittance, but she finally kicked up such a row that she was allowed to enter in order that the neighborhood might not be alarmed. She was taken up stairs to the billiard room, and seating herself upon one of the tables she began to tell of her career.

"I'm a peach of a girl don't you think?" she asked, and every one present agreed with her.

They let her talk awhile and then she was escorted to the street. She came back, stood in the vestibule and fired a bullet in her breast.

## TERRIFIED THE ACTRESSES.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

When the Paris Gaiety Girl Company appeared at the Central Theatre, Bethlehem, Pa., recently, the audience was treated to a rush by a band of Lehigh University students. Fearing perhaps that they should find themselves in a genuine college rush, or that they were unable to cope with football tactics, the actresses, clad in the flashiest of tights, fled from the stage door to the street and sought refuge in their hotel. They refused to come back, and the performance ended abruptly in the second act.

The Paris Gaiety Girls' combination was advertised as a decidedly up to date variety show. The bill-boards around town displayed voluptuous young women in the most alluring attitudes. Blondes and bewitching brunettes were painted with the most fascinating countenances. There was a decided brievity to the costumes, both above and below the waist. Stockings that seemed to mount indefinitely were held snugly by twisted garters. Figures of the most perfect rounded curves were shown in groups and singly.

The Paris Gaiety Girls in real life seemed less lustrous than the girls pictured upon



Her Father Locked the Door and She Came Out the Window.

## 'TWAS JUST A PLAIN ORGIE.

But it May Result Disastrously  
for Some Detroit Folks.

## THERE WERE FOUR IN A ROOM

Made Too Much Noise for One Hotel,  
So They Went to Another.

## ANGRY HUSBAND WITH A GUN.

It's one of the old stories, desire on the part of two women to gain notoriety despite surroundings, luxurious homes and everything that ordinary mortals

can wish, and yet that desire that amounts to a mania with so many women to seek the allurements of dissipation and cast off all restraint and go straight to perdition.

There are two women in this story, one married, the other one single. Both women live on what is known as Pley Hill, Detroit, Mich. Neither one is beautiful, by the way. But the story concerning the latest escapade of these two women is that one night recently the guests of the hotel were disturbed by the boisterousness of the occupants of a certain apartment, the sounds emanating from which indicated that a drunken revel was in progress and was fairly at its height. The shriller voices of the women commingled with the stronger, heavier tones of the men in a flood of sound that floated out into the corridor and disturbed everyone within ear shot. Other guests of the house were scandalized and there was before long a message sent to the office complaining of the disturbance.

Word was sent from the office to the room of the revelers that the noise must either cease or the party must leave the hotel. The message had its effect for awhile, for the noise in

female about their daughter's escapade and there was the deuce to pay all around. The married man insisted on a divorce and also wanted blood. As a step to the securing of a legal separation he telegraphed to his brother, who had just moved out of the city, and as a means of wiping out the stain on his family honor by a copious letting of gore, he loaded one hip pocket with a murderous-looking gun and swore that he would kill on sight the ruthless destroyer of his home. The husband was not making any promiscuous threats simply directed at some man vaguely, for he knew that the men implicated with the two women in the escapade traveled for a certain Western music house. So the husband knew his man and what man to pump the lead into.

Latest advices concerning the outcome of the affair indicate that the husband may overlook the wife's offense and there may, therefore, be no divorce. But the married woman may leave town, for she is infatuated with the idea of going on the stage.

But one of the meanest features of the whole affair is the portion of the story which relates to the treachery of the single woman in not protecting her married woman friend and asserting that they had been together during the gay night at the single woman's house.

Both are members of families more than well-known.

"Life and Battles of Robert Fitzsimmons," just published, sent to any address, on receipt of 25 cents, by Richard K. Fox, publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

W. J. STURGESS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Among the wonderful amateur performances which have so characterized the present year in athletics is that of the champion English walker, W. J. Sturges. Satisfied that he could cover eight miles within the hour, the London A. C. afforded him the opportunity at its autumn meeting, held recently at Stamford Bridge. A handicap was framed, and as a result Sturges not only completed the eight miles, but placed another 270 yards to his credit before the stipulated time had run out. This knocks to flinders the previous best amateur record of 7 miles 1,487 yards 2 feet, made by H. Curtis, as well as Griffin's professional hour record of 8 miles 172 yards.

Eleven men opposed Sturges, and they were conceded plenty of start, but at such a clip did the champion travel that he was making his own pace at the 4-mile mark. Thence to the end all records were demolished. Sturges' times were:

Distance.	Min.	Sec.	Distance.	Min.	Sec.
1 mile.....	6	59 3/5	5 miles.....	36	27
2 miles.....	14	23 1/5	6 miles.....	43	58 3/5
3 miles.....	21	4	7 miles.....	51	27
4 miles.....	29	1 3/5	8 miles.....	58	56

Sturges is a member of the Polytechnic Harriers, and astonished every one by walking H. Curtis, who had held the championship since 1890, completely off his legs for this year's title.

In addition to the above records, Sturges had just previously established new times for one, two and three miles.

## DANCED FOR THE GENTLEMEN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Within the past two weeks a sensation has developed in the town of Newark, N. Y., which has had the effect of creating a furor of excitement.

It absorbs attention, is discussed in the home circle, crowded about the streets, talked of in the stores and has crowded all other subjects for the time being into the background.

If the story proves to be true the reputations of four persons will be blackened irredeemably. Two of these are aged men; one of them is wealthy, stands high in the community in which he has lived and has always been looked up to as a pattern of morality.

The other parties to the story are two girls, both verging on to womanhood, between fifteen and sixteen years of age.

It has come out that a night watchman of the town, while patrolling the streets of that village, had his attention attracted by a light which streamed from one of the windows of a house on his beat. He recognized, he claims, the room in which the light was burning as that used as an office by one of the men implicated. At first he thought that business had called the old gentleman down town. He stopped for a moment on the opposite side of the street and gazed into the brilliantly illuminated window.

Then, according to his statement, he saw two forms pass between the window and the light. He thought that both were partially or wholly

disrobed and were engaged in some sort of violent exercise. He recognized the forms as those of women. The pair appeared to his eyes to be dancing.

The watchman called a friend, and together they watched. The cavaorts were being kept up. Then the representative of the law thought it was time that something was done to suppress the pair. He crossed the street, entered the house and going to the office demanded admission. The door was opened and the young women were placed under arrest.

The constable is responsible for the statement that the dance in which the young women were indulging was an exceedingly improper one.

CHARLES C. FOLTZ.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

A likely claimant for lightweight wrestling championship honors is Charles C. Foltz of Fort Logan, Colo. Mr. Foltz now has an enviable record and issues a challenge to any 140-pound man in Colorado. He is an adept at all styles.

## Full of Spice

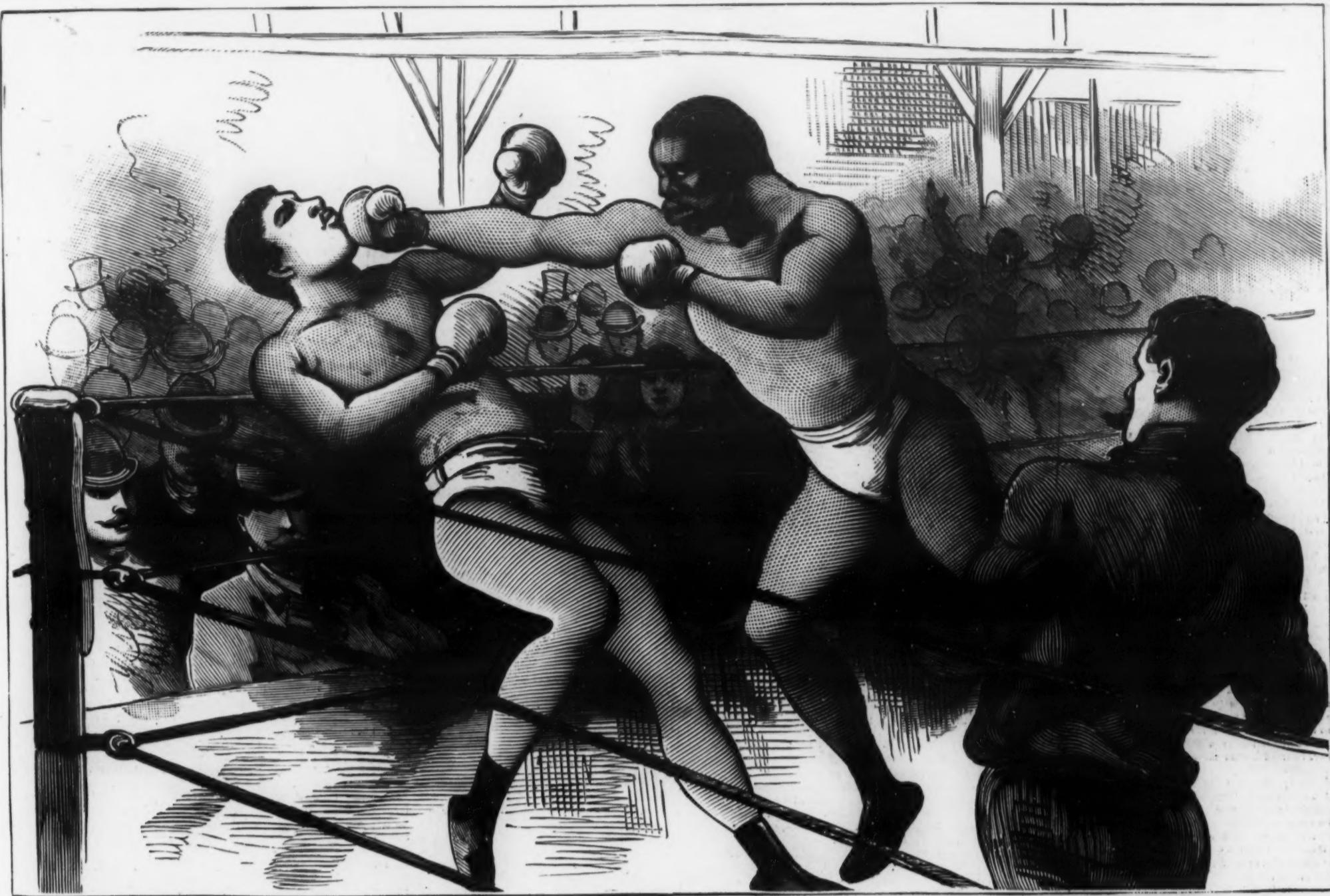
*Mistress or Wife?* By Paul de Kock, No. 13, of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. An exquisite story, in the best vein of the famous French writer, with 12 unique illustrations. Price, by mail, 50 cents, postpaid. Address RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.





#### DANCED FOR THE GENTLEMEN.

IN STARTLING COSTUMES TWO YOUNG WOMEN, OF NEWARK, N. Y., STEP OUT A MOST FASCINATING MEASURE FOR THE DELECTATION OF TWO ELDERLY CITIZENS



WALCOTT AND LAVIGNE HAVE A HOT FIGHT.

EMPIRE CLUB'S ARENA AT MASPETH WITNESSES THE SETTLEMENT OF THE LIGHTWEIGHT SUPREMACY.



MURDERED BY BURGLARS.

MRS. CATHERINE GORMAN FOUND DEAD IN BED BY NEIGHBORS AT HER HOME IN MILL CREEK, PA.

## SPORTS OF ALL SORTS.

Events of Passing Interest That Merit Criticism.

## MUCH NEEDED TURF REFORMS

The Annual Yale-Princeton Football Game Productive of Large Profits.

## AN UPROAR IN THE CYCLING WORLD.

**Between seasons is the time the turflegislators** devote to getting things fixed up for the future, correcting so-called evils, in starting reforms, etc., etc. In this connection it may be said that there has been considerable gossip recently concerning what will happen to proprietary racing associations next season. There need be no uncertainty on this point. There were last season what may be called four proprietary tracks—Brooklyn, Sheephead Bay, Brighton, and Aqueduct. Though each is run under the name of an association, it is well known that the ownership of each is vested practically in four persons. If these gentlemen feel that the conditions which prevailed last season (and which, with slight modifications, will prevail next season) warrant their continuing in the business, they will have no difficulty in transferring their responsibilities to others.

When the Westchester Racing Association was organized it was announced that the gentlemen who subscribed for membership did so with no idea of getting any return on their investment. They paid in a sufficient amount to run a meeting without having to touch any of the receipts. The plan, in brief, is as follows: The amounts paid by subscribers are used to create a racing fund. Whatever profits accrue to a meeting are credited to this fund. If there is a deficit at the end of the meeting the subscribers are each assessed an equal amount to meet the deficit. The fund remains intact. Any surplus over a stated amount is to be used to endow new stakes or to increase the added money to those stakes already in existence.

In no case, no matter how much may be made during a season, will the subscribers receive a penny in dividends. They will not even have returned to them the amount of their original subscription.

What these gentlemen contemplated at Morris Park will be extended to other courses if occasion arises. Under no circumstances will such classic events as the Brooklyn and Suburban Handicaps, the Realization and Futility Stakes, be allowed to go by default. If the proprietors or the associations under whose auspices they have heretofore been run do not desire to keep them up, the Westchester Association, or one founded on the same plan, will assume the responsibility.

In no sense is it desired to form a racing trust, as has been intimated. No exertions for the purchase or lease of the property of other associations have been, or will be made. It is not a money-making scheme. The subscribers have everything to lose and nothing to gain. Every penny of profit accruing from any meeting will be devoted to the promotion of the best interests of racing. The plan is almost an ideal one, and the object aimed at is almost as high as it is possible to conceive. Under the direction of such men as are foremost in the movement, success is assured.

**It is, perhaps, a good thing for racing that the** projectors of the St. Louis Fair Grounds meeting took advantage of the recent bad weather there to declare the programme off and discontinue the game. A more scandalous race meeting has never been held in the West, says an exchange. Rottenness has run riot there, and all of the turf scamps of the country have hastened to have a finger in the pudding. There was no such thing to the meeting as form. A horse beat another one day only to be beaten the next day by the same horses. The papers in St. Louis who had writers competent of discussing turf matters repeatedly called attention to the fraudulent running of the horses, but without result. Owners, bookmakers and jockeys did as they pleased, and the judges and officials put in their time making excuses for them. Towards the end it became apparent that the greed of the fair ground management was going to bring racing into disrepute in Missouri. Several of the papers have been pointing out the fact that the thing was being overdone. A law limiting race meetings will probably be the result of the scandal and turmoil. The whole trouble with St. Louis is that they have never had any practical management of their meetings. The men connected with the association are above suspicion, and know little of racing. Their programme book displays the ignorance of its makers. One race condition stipulates that it is "for maiden two-year-olds that have not won at the meeting." Another race condition reads: "Horses entered to be sold for \$300 to carry 105 pounds; two pounds off for each \$100 up to \$1,500." In other words, a horse worth \$300 would carry 105 pounds, and one worth \$1,500 only 81 pounds. These are just a few selections taken at random. It was natural to expect that racing would suffer in the hands of men no more competent than these programme makers.

**It transpires that there was a good reason** for the disastrous ending of the California League experiment. Had the players given patrons what they paid to see, first-class ball playing, instead of drunken ruffianism, there might possibly be a different story to tell. Judged by the reports that come from San Francisco the players looked upon the trip as a sort of drunken jaunt. "Mixed ale" and baseball do not go together.

**Anybody who believes that the frowsy headed** youngsters who meet annually in New York, representing the Yale and Princeton universities, as exponents of the scientific football, are in the game for fun will have their impressions altered by reading the official statement of the receipts and expenditures of the recent game. It shows that each college will receive \$14,769 as its share. This is the largest sum ever divided between Yale and Princeton, although previous receipts have been larger. But the expenses were kept down very low this year. The tabulated figures are:

RECEIPTS.	
Field boxes	\$4,325 00
Coaches	150 00
Stand D.	6,249 00
Grand stand	9,772 00
Stand E.	2,439 00
Stand B.	56 00
Stand C.	4,299 00
Admissions	5,523 00
Club house admissions	236 00
Programmes	1,600 00
Total	\$38,005 50

EXPENDITURES.	
Rent of field	\$5,000 00
Printing tickets	208 72
Ticket sellers, ushers, etc	523 00
Attending	36 00
Chairs	134 75
Carpenter	2,001 00
Badges	45 00
Bookkeeping and other expenses	175 00
Total	\$8,467 47
Receipts	\$38,005 50
Expenditures	\$8,467 47
Profit	\$29,538 03

The "London Times" in its current issue publishes a special article summarizing the history of the America's Cup contests of 1895. Most of what the article says has been said

before. In the course of its history the *Times* declares that the injudicious wording of the New York Yacht Club's acceptance of the challenge of Mr. Rose afforded a great temptation to make an answering statement, but it is regrettable that Lord Dunraven issued his pamphlet. The New York Yacht Club, it is added, can hardly make a rejoinder without the presence of Lord Dunraven or his witnesses at the inquiry. A court of inquiry with witnesses on one side only could not expect its decision to carry the weight of a considered verdict.

**L. D. Cabanne, St. Louis; F. J. Titus, New York, and C. M. Murphy, Brooklyn, have by vote of the League of American Wheelmen Racing Board been suspended from all League tracks during their natural lives, unless the National Assembly should hereafter lessen the sentence and partially remove the blot that has been fastened upon the reputations of these crackjacks of the cycle path.**

Chairman Gideon and his Racing Board have given the men every chance of disproving the charge that brought about their downfall, and the verdict must be accepted as the only logical conclusion that could have been reached, and the conviction, though an unfortunate affair, will benefit the sport exceedingly and be a standing menace to riders who may be tempted to do what was tried at St. Louis. It is not unreasonable to suppose that there have been other cases somewhat parallel, but not as flagrant as the robbery that has just been unearthed, and the effect of this conviction cannot be other than salutary.

Until the affair at St. Louis both Cabanne and Titus had honest spotless reputations, though the former was accounted a dare-devil who would take almost any chance in order to win. During the National meet at Asbury Park Cabanne tried to get through a hole that proved too small, and he suffered a fall that laid him up for several weeks. In fact he had not recovered at the time of the meet in St. Louis, Aug. 24, and, knowing that he was not going as fast as Murphy, and desiring to win a race in his own home, undoubtedly caused the "arrangements" that have resulted so disastrously.

The sequel of the conviction will be watched with much interest, and it is not at all improbable that the matter will be sifted in the courts. Titus is said to be very much wrought up, and contemplates bringing legal action.

The punishment is very severe, and justice has not been tempered with mercy in this instance. Not since the Howe-Temple fake has the cycling world been so aroused, and the conviction is the principal topic of conversation among wheelmen. The bulk of opinion seems to be that the men are guilty, but the punishment is too great. Nevertheless, there are friends of the riders who still believe that they are innocent and that the other members of the Racing Board have been influenced by Robert.

One thing is certain, and that is that the conclusion has not yet been reached in fact, it may be the beginning of a series of startling events in cycledom.

## DOMINO.

## WEIGHT TOLD AGAINST BURGE.

**Jem Smith Easily Defeats England's Welter-weight Champion.**

A cable to the *POLICE GAZETTE* on Nov. 27 says: The fight between Dick Burge and Jem Smith, for £200 a side and a purse of £300, took place to-night at the Bellingrove Club. In the ninth round, Burge, who had been badly punished, fell several times from exhaustion, and Referee Angie declared Smith the winner. Burge was not able to hit his opponent. The articles, which were signed in July last, provided for a 20-round fight.

Smith exceeded 13 stone in weight while Burge tipped the scales at just 10 stone. Burge was a slight favorite in the betting at the ringside. In the second round Burge landed several times without a return, leading Smith a dance all over the ring until finally the latter planted a heavy blow on Burge's ribs knocking him down. In the third and fourth rounds Burge displayed remarkable agility in avoiding danger, but he nevertheless received several nasty blows on the head. The fifth and sixth rounds were slightly in favor of Burge, but in the following rounds Smith's weight told and he had the better of the fight until the finish.

## SLAVIN SIGNS THE ARTICLES.

**But Afterwards Challenges Smith for the English Championship.**

Signed articles of agreement were received on Saturday at the *POLICE GAZETTE* office from Frank P. Slavin, with a request that they be forwarded to Peter Maher for his signature. The articles, as follows, are interesting for the reason that they show upon what terms Slavin wants to fight for the championship of the world:

An agreement made the 18th day of November, 1895, between Frank Slavin of the first part, Peter Maher, of the second part, and proprietor of the *Sporting Life* of the third part, the said parties of the first and second parts being the competitors herein referred to.

1. The competitors hereby agree to box twenty rounds at a place to be agreed upon, or on or before May 27, for a sum of £500 (or for £1,000) a side, to be deposited with the *Sporting Life* as follows: £200 a side on signing these articles, remainder four weeks before boxing.

2. The proprietor of the *Sporting Life*, at the request of the competitors, agrees to act as stakeholder on the terms, conditions and stipulations herein mentioned.

3. If either of the competitors shall refuse or fail to compete in the said match, or shall, up to any time fixed therefor, have neglected to deposit the whole of his stakes with the stakeholder, the other of the competitors shall be deemed the winner.

4. The stakeholder agrees to appoint a referee in the match whose decision as to the winner, whether under the last clause hereof or otherwise, or in any question not provided for by these articles, shall be final.

5. As a remuneration for the stakeholder's services hereunder, and as a consideration for the agreement by him next herein contained, it is agreed by the competitors and each of them that the stakeholder shall be entitled to deduct and retain 5 per cent. of all moneys mutually deposited with him under this agreement.

6. In consideration of the premises, and of the said commission, the stakeholder agrees with and guarantees to the competitors and each of them, that in the event of either of them, the competitors, being declared the winner of the match, he, the stakeholder, will pay over to such winner, and the winner shall be entitled to receive from the stakeholder, a sum of money equal to the amount of the stakes actually deposited with him after deducting commission.

7. In consideration of the agreement by the stakeholder in the last clause contained, each of the competitors hereby authorizes the stakeholder to pay over to the winner the stakes deposited under this agreement, less the commission, and agrees with the stakeholder that he will not revoke or attempt to revoke such authority.

8. The match is subject to the following conditions: To box in a 20-foot ring under Queensbury rules, with 4 ounce gloves. Referee to be mutually agreed upon on the day named for law deposit. Match to be decided either in England or South Africa, for greatest purse offered. If in South Africa, stake money to be transferred to a responsible sportsman of Cape Colony, to be mutually agreed upon, who, in the event of the men not agreeing to referee, is to appoint the referee, in order that the match may not fall through.

FRANK P. SLAVIN.

As witness the hands of the said parties hereto:

WITNESS TO THE SIGNATURES

GEORGE DOUGAL.

A letter to Richard K. Fox, from George Atkinson, of London *Sporting Life*, accompanies the above in which it is said that Slavin's backer would put up \$1,000 deposit last Wednesday. A cable yesterday, however, states that the money has not yet been posted.

Further complications arise from the fact that later in the day another cable was received containing the information that Slavin has challenged Jem Smith to box in four weeks for the championship of England and \$1,000 a side, and has posted \$50 as an earnest of his intention.

Ready! Time! Biff! Bang!

Lots of fun and good solid healthy exercise in a brisk bout with the gloves. The best glove furnishes the most fun. THE *POLICE GAZETTE* STANDARD BOXING GLOVE is the best in the market. Send two cent stamp for list and catalogue. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

## POINTS FOR CORRESPONDENTS

## SPECIAL NOTICE

TO

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## STUART BOBS UP AGAIN

His Latest Proposition Has a Business Ring To It.

\$20,000 PURSE IS OFFERED

Plummer's Defeat in England Arouses a Lot of Discussion in Sporting Circles.

ODDS AND ENDS OF FISTIC TALK.

If Dan Stuart does nothing more than to make Corbett decisively declare himself out of the fistic game, his persistence in forcing the issue will have entitled him to the admiration of people who have attributed to him all sorts of reasons for continuing his connection with the "lost cause," as the recent fiasco is now called.

Stuart is now in the Metropolis, with signed articles of agreement from Fitzsimmons in his inside pocket, and instructions from the lanky "ug" to get Corbett's signature if possible, and failing in that to get Peter Maher as a substitute.

In my opinion Fitzsimmons would be just as well pleased if Stuart would give Corbett the go-by, and he would feel a thousand percent better if the latter would just adhere to his expressed determination not to fight again.

Then Pliz would be in his element. He could swell his chest and talk about how he drove Corbett out of business. But there is one little page in the history of the late fiasco that he fain would forget; a day at Little Rock, Ark., when his cowardly actions disgusted everyone with whom he came in contact.

Dan Stuart was present in Little Rock at the time and participated in the proceedings. If the Australian has since succeeded in convincing Stuart that he wants to fight Corbett or ever had any intention of fighting him, I will doff my hat and venture the opinion that he has mistaken his vocation. As a "son man" he can give Tom O'Brien, Brockway and Waddell a basket full of aces and beat them out at their own "graft."

Fitzsimmons, I think, would chance another meeting with Peter Maher to get back a little of the public respect he lost through his actions in the late affair. He whipped Peter before and on the ground that success begets confidence, he doubtless believes he can do it again.

That is the affair that Stuart will apply himself to during his sojourn in the North. I have it from a most reliable source that the big Texan has really found a "spot" where a fight may be pulled off without interference and arrangements are ready to be perfected for the removal of the Dallas arena, just as soon as Stuart gives the word.

The "spot" is in Mexico not far from El Paso. By the "Power of Gold" the authorities have been conciliated and perfect freedom is assured. Stuart's plan is for the fight to come off within seven weeks, allowing ample time for the men to get ready. No longer than that is needed to get spectators enough providing ample assurance is given that there will be a fight.

Pygmy affairs in England are in a rather complicated shape just now. There is no immediate prospect of a fight between Maher and Slavin, despite the fact that only the other day I received signed articles from the latter to be forwarded to Maher. The articles were signed by Slavin before his money was posted, and after the valuable document was mailed in London it transpired that he could not get the backing required, and consequently things are at a standstill. Slavin, however, pending the delay of his financial sponsors, has decided to try for smaller game, and negotiations are now pending for a fight with Jim Smith to decide the title of English champion, and a small stake, smaller, in fact, than is sometimes involved in a limited round encounter in this country.

Just why Slavin and Smith are justified in fighting for England's title it is difficult to see. Slavin was once before a claimant for English championship honors, and Jackson pretty effectually settled the question of his rights to defend it by beating him in 10 rounds. Jackson is the recognized champion of England, and the actions of Slavin and Smith making overtures toward a settlement of the question without consulting Jackson is an unheard-of piece of presumption.

It looks as if Slavin cannot get above the level of a tin horn gait. His bluffs don't carry a fact, illustrated by his recent negotiations with Maher. The latter has practically given up all idea of fighting Slavin. When Quino was in England with Maher last summer he posted money to bring the Australian to the mark, and failed. If Slavin feared a meeting then, it stands to reason that he has no desire for one now.

The defeat of Billy Plummer by Pedlar Palmer in London last week gave the New York sports a shock. After sizing the former up on his recent fight with Corbett, and the latter's fight with Numa Wallace, who gave Dixon the stiffest fight of his career, the latter could not realize how a practically untried man could defeat such a redoubtable warrior as Plummer, and they bet on him accordingly in all sorts of prices. A chosen few, among them some of Plummer's associates when he was in America, were conspicuous for their willingness to take the Palmer end of it, and I am consequently not disposed to give the latter so much credit for a genuine victory as perhaps he may deserve. A significant point is that but \$1,500 was involved, and Plummer was a 2 to 1 favorite. His Birmingham friends are noted for betting heavily and it wouldn't take much money to get double the winner's portion of the purse.

I have read every account of the affair that has been cabled over, and in none of them can I find a semblance of Plummer as he fights when he is right. I should hate to believe that Plummer laid down, but facts are stubborn things to contend with. However, Plummer will force another fight upon Palmer and if a reverse outcome is not the result I shall be mistaken.

By the way a cable from Alf. Robb, who trained and handled Plummer and McCoy for their respective bouts, says the latter got the worst of a very bad decision, and that he was robbed of a justly earned victory. I opine that the English papers will contain some very interesting matter relating to the two fights, and will await their coming with interest.

Jim Corbett has retired from the fistic arena and relinquished his hold upon the title of heavyweight champion of America. At least so he says, but whether he is sincere or not a certain amount of consideration must be given to the claims of a new aspirant for the premiership, who whether Corbett remained in the ring or beyond its pale, sooner or later must have been a factor in the disposition of the honors.

Whether Peter Maher possesses the quality of which pygmy "champs" are made is a question of vital importance to those who have been heralding him as the second John L.

The fistic quidnuncs have been harping upon the question of Peter's lack of courage under pressure, dwelling upon his refusal to continue his fight with Fitzsimmons at New Orleans, and referring to the doubt which has always existed as to whether he quit in his fight with Goddard or was really knocked out.

I am of the opinion that Maher does not lack heart despite the arguments advanced by those who take an opposite view. When he fought Fitzsimmons at New Orleans, he was raw, untried and lacking in experience. It was the first battle of importance that he

had ever fought, he was discouraged by the remarks of the men in his corner because of his failure to take advantage of an opportunity early in the proceedings that would surely have given him the victory. Taunted by a feeling of disappointment, he tried to remedy matters and in his wild rage at being unable to put a glove upon the clever man in front of him, he did what 999 men out of every 1,000 would have done under the same conditions, gave up the unequal struggle.

It is traditional that the Irish are an impulsive race, and it was the impulsive outcome of traditional instinct that lost Maher this opportunity to jump into fame at a single bound.

The courageous instinct of the man, however, is illustrated in his determination not to relinquish his ambition, that of being the champion.

The only course left to Maher after being defeated by the lanky Australian was to begin again, this time at the lowest rung of the ladder, realizing that he must fight his way to the top.

This was the experience of a novitiate which is responsible now for the eminence that Maher has attained in the fistic world. He gave serious thought to the matter of learning the "tricks of the trade," became in time an adept exponent of scientific pugilism. To-day he is rated as the most improved man in the ring, but whether this rating is justifiable or not remains to be seen. His victories in recent fights have been accomplished so quickly that little chance has been afforded him to demonstrate the effectiveness of his newly acquired art. He has shown his ability to avoid punishment, and his victories will testify to his marvelous hitting powers.

In summing up the argument I am of the opinion that the question of Maher's gameness should be of secondary importance to the one regarding the improvement in fistic skill which his adherents claim he has made since he fought Godfrey Boston a year ago. It would require a fight of ten or a dozen rounds to demonstrate to what extent he has improved, yet if he is able to put his opponents out in three punches as he did O'Donnell, I don't know that fistic cleverness is so much a factor after all.

Fitzsimmons is still claiming. His latest epistolary effusion, dated Houston, Tex., contains the following:

"I have already claimed both the middleweight and heavy weight championships of the world, that I now stand ready to defend both titles against the world and all comers, providing they be white men, for from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a side, first come first served. Should Mr. Stuart fail to draw that retired champion out of the hole which he has so cowardly crawled into, then I will be only too pleased to fight Maher or any other man living. I am down in this part of the country expressly for the purpose of giving Mr. Dan Stuart all the chance in the world to arrange a match between myself and either Corbett or Maher, Corbett preferred always. If any of these know-it-all gentlemen that have been talking so much think for one minute that I won't have my \$10,000 side bet ready the very minute either of the above men sign articles of agreement, I will bet them \$1,000 I will."

"So here's a chance for some of these sure-thing bettors to make an easy dollar. To further show how willing I am for a fight I will leave the selection of a referee to Mr. Stuart and Corbett. I'll sign articles blindfolded. If Corbett wants to prove that he is not a coward, he will accept Stuart's latest offer for a fight near El Paso for a purse of \$20,000, in which he agrees to divide the purse between the two men should he fail to bring the fight off on the day selected without interference of any kind. That is the fairest proposition ever made, and I don't think Corbett will ever accept, because he too faint-hearted to go up against any first-class man in a fair and square fight, where crookedness and put up jobs are not tolerated."

Corbett, in a suggestive way, replies by asking "How far is Texas from New York?"

The kind of talk that Arthur Valentine has been indulging in since he returned to England will rather tend to create an impression that he was not fairly treated during his sojourn here. The following is from the London *Sporting Life*. In Valentine says:

"They don't fight Queensberry rules in America. The referee is in the ring, and he hangs you right and left when you come together, and you might as well fight two men as to have him in the ring. An English fighter in America has got to win not only from the man he is fighting, but the referee."

Such a fellow from a man who was treated as courteously as was Valentine is nauseating and ought to be a lesson to fistic projectors who have enterprise enough to bring boxers from the other side. The trouble with Valentine was, in the first place, too much consideration and attention. It turned his brain. In the second place he wouldn't fight a "lick," and the defeats he sustained at the hands of second and third-raters, sent him home sick, sore and disgusted.

I called the turn on Valentine in the columns of the *Police Gazette* weeks before he put his foot in America. Sporting tourists from England who had seen him "go" against Johnson, of Minneapolis, and others, told me enough to convince me that he was the poorest excuse for a lightweight champion that England ever turned out. I was therefore not surprised when he made such a ridiculous showing against McKeown and later against Ernst.

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As for the referee Valentine did not suffer much from interference. In both fights he did most of the clinching, but he had the good fortune to have as opponents boxers who knew how to "break" cleverly without the aid of the referee. Perhaps he would have been more satisfied if a little fooling had been indulged, so that he might have won a fight by resorting to the same tactics that he is accustomed to employ at home, aided by a little "gang" influence to intimidate the referee.

SAM AUSTIN.

CAL M'CARTHY IS DEAD.

Fought Geo. Dixon Seventy-two Rounds for the Championship.

Cal McCarthy, who for several years was the champion feather-weight pugilist of America, died in St. Francis' Hospital, Jersey City, late on Nov. 29, of consumption. He had been in the hospital for five weeks. Four years ago he was defeated by George Dixon for the championship. Before that he fought Dixon in a contest lasting seventy-two rounds, which resulted in a draw.

The deceased fighter was 26 years old. He was born in McClintockville, Pa. He first became prominent in the ring in 1887, when he was the amateur 110-pound champion of America at the N. Y. A. C. tournament. He became a professional May 10, 1888, when he whipped Joe Flaherty in Boston.

He afterward met and defeated Sylvia Burns, Pat Kennedy and Eugene Horanacher.

McCarthy was then defeated by George Dixon in one of the fiercest fights on record. He never appeared in the ring in good condition after this fight, and shortly afterward became a physical wreck.

ERNE EXPECTS TO BEAT DIXON.

The Buffalo Lad Will Give the Champion a Lively Bout.

Frank Erne, of Buffalo, is slated to meet George Dixon, the featherweight champion, for ten rounds in the New Manhattan A. C., New York city, next Thursday night. Erne has been training industriously for the bout for over three weeks, and is in excellent condition; he will finish up his training in an uptown club house and will be assisted in his work by Prof. Mike Donovan, boxing instructor of the N. Y. A. C., who will also give him a few points as to a defense. Erne is confident that he will lower Dixon's colors and his friends in Buffalo are of the opinion that if ever Dixon was made to fight he will when he meets Erne.

The eight-round bout by Jimmie Franey, of Port Huron, Ore., who was a pupil of Jack Dempsey, and Harry Fisher, of Brooklyn, which is to be decided on the same night, is also creating considerable talk.

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the world as did the Corbett-Sullivan fight. Whenever Fitzsimmons challenged Corbett, the bank clerk threw out his chest and said to the Australian, "Go whip somebody." Fitzsimmons whipped Hall, Choyinski, Maher and Creedon in quick succession. With perfect propriety Fitzsimmons can now say to Maher, "Go whip somebody." The chances are, however, if Corbett utterly refuses to fight, that Maher will have another chance at the middleweight champion."

The fight in London, on Nov. 25, between Billy Plummer and Pedlar Palmer, before the National Sporting Club, for a purse of £1,500 and the 112-pound championship, was won by Palmer in the fourteenth round. Both Plummer and Palmer appeared in excellent condition at the ring-side, with the former a favorite. Plummer, however, was soon seen to have the better of the contest, and had his opponent going from the start. The whole bout was fierce and hotly contested, but it was evident long before the close of the battle that Palmer would be the victor. In the fourteenth round Plummer's brother, seeing the pugilist getting the worst of matters, jumped into the ring. The referee at once stopped the fight and awarded the decision to Palmer.

A vicious canine dispute occurred recently near Boston between "Sam" a Portsmouth, N. H. dog, and "Smuggler," of Boston. The contest was for a purse of \$600 and was won by "Sam" after 1 hour and 35 minutes of the hardest kind of fighting. During the first hour the contest was very even, but the staying qualities of the visiting dog eventually turned the tide in his favor. The betting was brisk and it is estimated that several thousand dollars changed hands on the result. The dogs were to be weighed 33 pounds, but on the day of weighing "Smuggler" was found to be overweight and a forfeit of \$100 was imposed. The winner is a full brother to "Danger," the 32-pound champion, "Jeff," champion of New England for four years at 31 pounds, and was bred and owned by A. B. Racine, of Portsmouth, N. H.

At the boxing show of the Brighton Athletic Club, Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 29, two East New Yorkers, Joe McNamara and Charlie Draycot, boxed a ten-round "go" at 130 pounds. The first round was tame. In the second round, however, both men started in for keeps. McNamara saw an opening and landed a heavy right-hand swing on Draycot's jaw, and the latter dropped like a log. He came up again in a few seconds, only to be sent through the ropes with a straight left-hander. Again he came up and was once more sent to the floor. The crowd became wild at this stage. The police captain thought that there was too much noise going on and that the men were fighting too seriously. He ordered Referee "Sparrow" Robertson to stop it, which was done. "Sparrow" would render no decision, but it was clearly seen that Draycot was out-classed and would undoubtedly have been counted out had the police not interfered.

Billy Delaney, Corbett's trainer, does not think the latter is doing right in retiring from the prize ring. In speaking about the matter he said: "In a few days I will start for San Francisco and make my home there in the future. As Jim is not going to fight he will have no further use for me. I'm very sorry that I cannot serve him, for he has always treated me right. I do not think he is doing right in retiring from the prize ring. He can whip a lot of people who think they can fight. If he pursues such a course his troubles will begin anew. The public won't have it, believe me. I know the pulse of the people only too well. They will neither recognize Jim as an actor nor a retired champion. They want to see him fight, and mark my words they will make it so unpleasant that he will have to enter the ring once more. Corbett is more popular than you think, and there are a number of people who would like to see him meet Fitzsimmons and defeat him. Jim can beat the Australian easily, mark me, and it won't take him long to demonstrate the fact."

James J. Corbett has again reiterated his determination to abandon fighting. In an interview given at Lynn, Mass., he said: "I am disgusted with the entire business and henceforth will confine my enterprises to the stage. No matter what the public may say, whether it be complimentary or otherwise, I cannot be induced to again enter the arena. They may say that when I whipped Sullivan he was an old man and that I never whipped a good man in my career, but I am fully determined in my purpose to quit. I suppose the public blames me for not pulling off the fight with Fitzsimmons, but I am not disposed to answer criticism and will not discuss it. I bestowed the championship upon Maher because he is an Irishman, and because I prefer that he should bear and defend that title, rather than place it in the custody of either an Australian or an Englishman. Up to the present time I have declined to give my reasons for recognizing Maher, but you can print that as coming from me. I consider Peter Maher the peer of any man in the ring, and have no hesitancy in saying that he can whip Fitzsimmons. He is a great man and he will one day demonstrate his right to bear the title of champion of the world."

Peter Maher is growing impatient because none of his rivals evince an inclination to do anything more than talk. Last week John J. Quinn, his backer, wrote the following letter to Richard K. Fox:

Pittsburgh, Pa., Nov. 25.  
Sir:—I will wait two weeks to hear from Fitzsimmons, if he doesn't accept in two weeks to fight for the championship, then Slavin, Choyinski or anyone else who wants to fight for \$5,000 a side and the championship let them post a forfeit with you, and I will cover it at once. Maher wants to fight for the title, he doesn't want it as a present. Now, where are these fighters who want to fight for the championship? Let them come forward. Please, Slavin's backer, says he has not posted any forfeit. Let him do so instead of cabling challenges and sending articles. I waited four days in London last summer, and posted \$500 forfeit, to match Maher to fight Slavin. He could not get a cent of backing. Where was Pless then? I will wait until Dec. 9th for Fitzsimmons to declare himself. If he won't fight Maher then anyone who puts his money up will have the first chance. Why don't Dan Stuart substitute Maher for Corbett, who has retired? Let us have no more bluffing, let us have a fight for the championship, either in public or private. It is the easiest thing in the world to bring it off if both are willing. Now, Maher is willing to hear from some of those candidates for the championship who mean business. We want no more newspaper controversy. We want a fight!

John J. Quinn.

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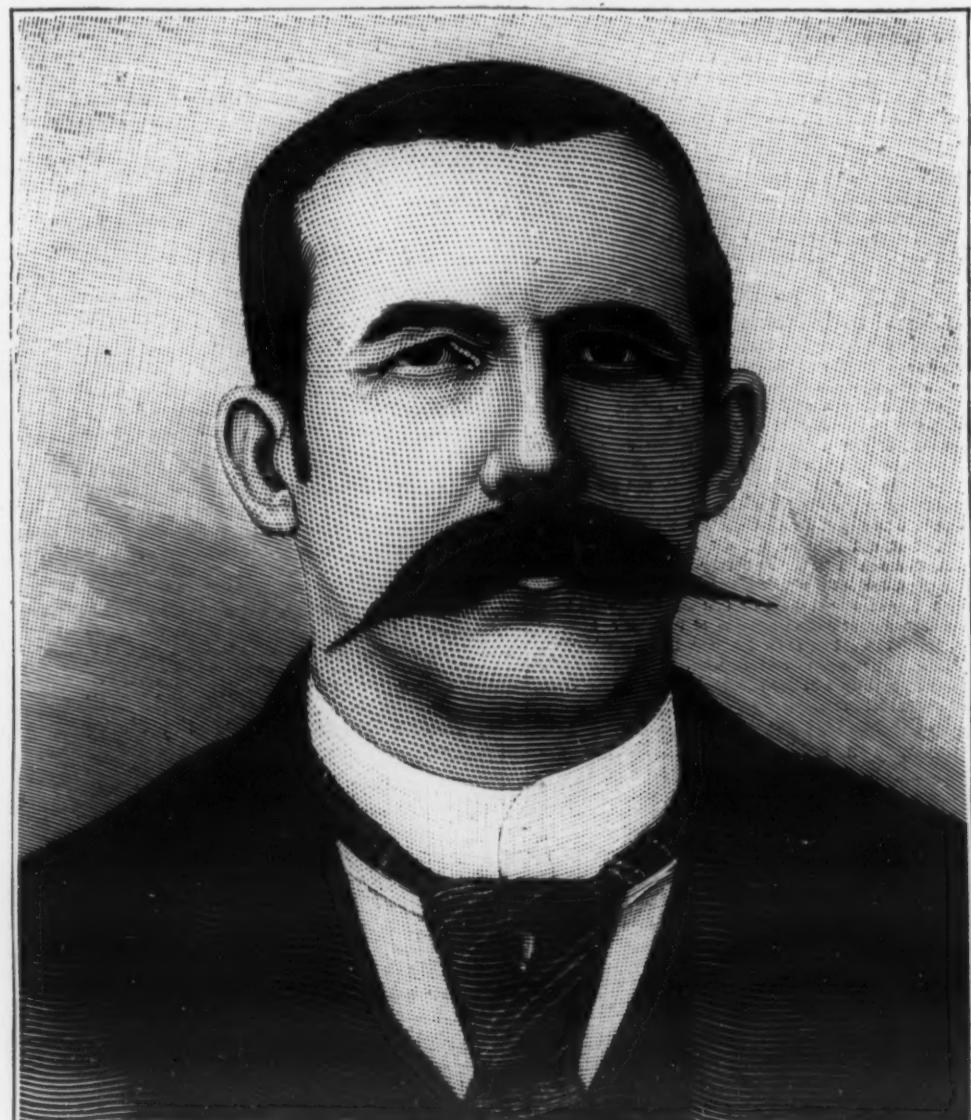
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FARMER PULLMAN, AT FISHERVILLE, KY., FORCIBLY PREVENTS HIS PRETTY DAUGHTER FROM ELOPING WITH J. W. DUGAN.



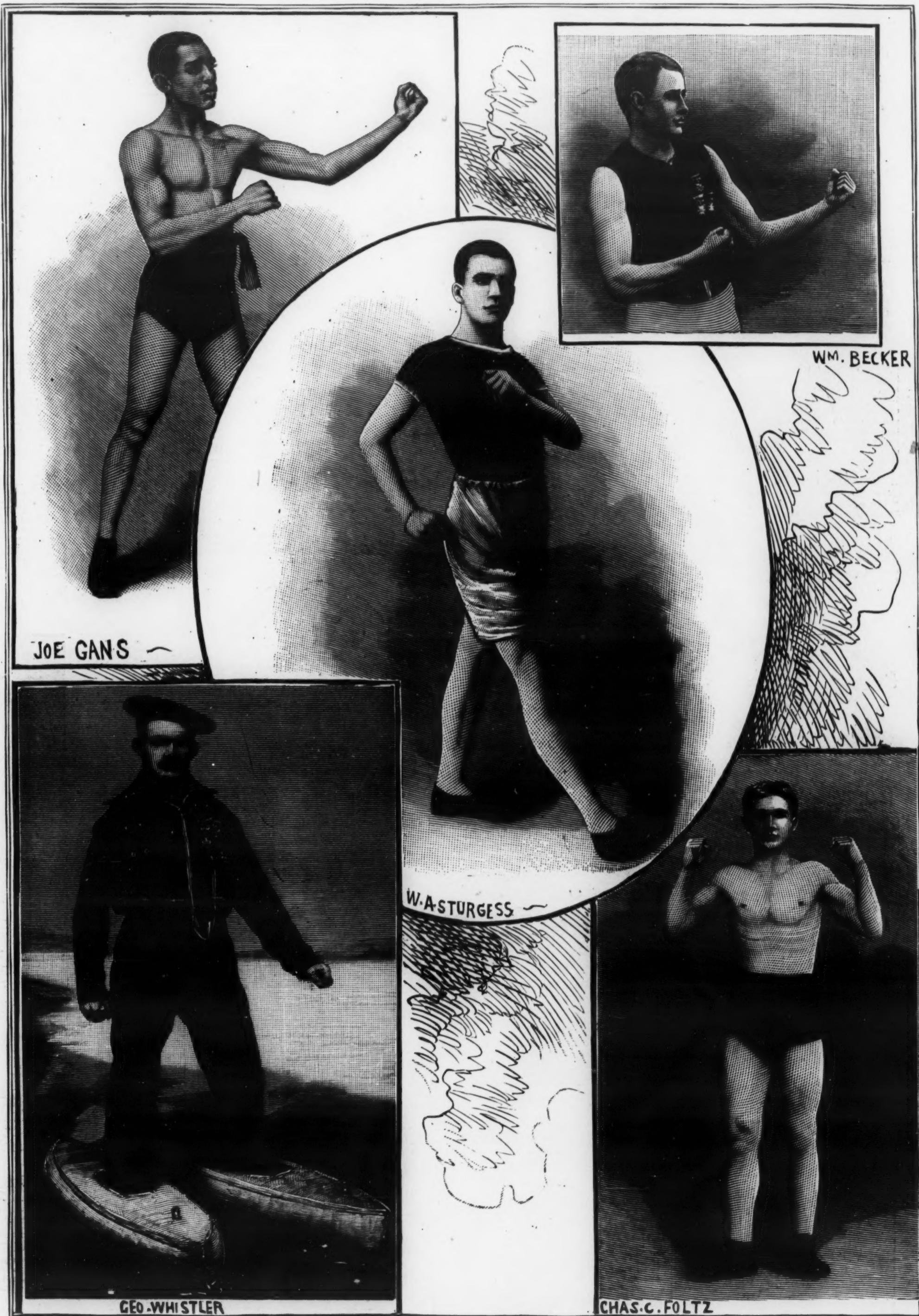
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Daisy Hughes—costume  
Effie La Tour—tights  
Mary Moore—costume  
Anheta Phillipi—tights  
Lillie Richardson—tights  
Annie Sutherland—tights  
Edith Wright—tights

Blanche Bell—bust  
Annie Irish—bust  
Ada Lewis—bust and cost  
Emma Warde—tights  
Mile. Zucchini—tights  
Jennie Call—tights  
Miss Bell—tights  
Mile. Custer—tights  
Helen Courtland—tights  
Carrie Deane—tights  
Mrs. Fitzherbert—costume  
Helen Gilmore—tights  
Miss Hatcher—tights  
Miss Joseph—tights  
Mabel Love—bust  
Mile. Myrane—tights  
Louise Llewellyn—tights  
Carrie Perkins—tights  
Sadie Stephens—tights  
Vesta Tiley—tights  
Kate Vaughan—costume  
Lillie Welles—tights  
Alice Anderson—costume  
Ida Bell—tights  
Nita Cole—costume  
Mile. De Croza—tights  
Frances Everett—tights  
Marion Gireaux—tights  
Mrs. Hamer—bust  
Marie Louise—tights  
Ethel Mathews—bust  
Adele Purvis—tights  
Cicily Richards—costume  
Jeanne Ricker—tights  
Mile. Sorrel—b and t.  
Mile. Folville—tights  
General Walker—tights  
Lillie Welch—tights  
Maud Harker—bust  
Minnie Ross—bust  
Marion Delorme—bust  
Ruth Stetson—tights

Blanche Bell—bust  
Annie Irish—bust  
Ada Lewis—bust and cost  
Emma Warde—tights  
Mile. Zucchini—tights  
Jennie Call—tights  
Miss Bell—tights  
Mile. Custer—tights  
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Miss Hatcher—tights  
Miss Joseph—tights  
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Carrie Perkins—tights  
Sadie Stephens—tights  
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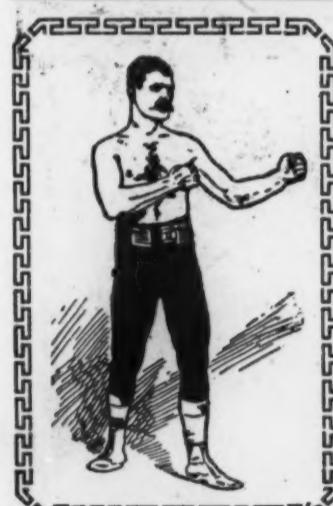
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